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Windmills.

BEGINNINGS are not easy to be got at. The dates of inventions and discoveries are seldom to be given with the precision of an almanack; and most assuredly no witness has handed down to us the day on which the wind-mill first gave its wands to the air of our island. The Crusades, set on foot in the eleventh century, about a generation after the Conquest, are sometimes said to have brought wind-mills from the East. The Crusaders, indeed, like the Gulf Stream, are credited with many boons, and probably with more than their due; yet we should be sorry to deprive them of the wind-mills, seeing how desirable it is for these knights-errant to have some incidental set-off against their unchristian raids.

Leaving them, therefore, to one side, and saying nothing about the



OLD MILL.

From Drawing by T.M. Richardson, Scen.

Saracens, we keep near home—to our native Britain—where traces have been found of the mills of Rome. The Romans, when quitting our shores, left evidences behind them how they ground the grain they consumed during their occupation. They had hand-mills, cattle-mills, water-mills; but, says Beckmann, “it is very improbable, or, much rather, false, that they had wind-mills.” When their imperial sun had set, and the Normans were playing a leading part on the public stage; when Harold had been slain at Hastings, and Duke



Old Mill,
near North Shields
about 1850.

William reigned in his stead, then began the flutter of the mill-sail to be heard in history, if mills had sails so early. History, defective as it is in details, is much given to wars and rumours of wars. It is only “between the lines” as it were—(using a phrase of modern introduction)—it is only by crack and crevice that we catch odd glimpses of the pursuits of peace; and yet, turbulent as is English and Scottish story, our forefathers on the soil severed by the Tweed had their wits at work, long centuries ago, on improved processes—not overlooking the process of forcing corn into flour. One step leads ingenious minds to another. The braying of wheat prepares the way for turning the quern; the hand relieves itself of its drudgery by the substitution of cattle; and the running river is employed for the revolution of the wheel that moves the mill-stone. But winter comes, and the stream is frost-bound, while the wind goes free. The wand reduces the grain to powder when the ice arrests the wheel. It finds the family in flour, moreover, where there are no flowing waters to move a mill. So the world wags on—quern and cattle-mill, water-wheel and wand—till the time comes when the restless sons of men, aided by a few cors of coal from the mine, are travelling over land and sea by steam, and grinding their corn by a motive power more stable than wind or water, running with equal pace round the whole circuit of the clock.

But at what hour of the clock of time did the wind-

driven mill begin its round in Britain? “On the estates of the monasteries,” says Mr. Cosmo Innes (Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh), “water-mills and wind-mills were used for grinding corn in the thirteenth century, and previously; though the rude process of the hand-mill kept its ground in some districts of Scotland to a recent period.” (“Scotland in the Middle Ages,” 1860.) Professor Innes carries back the wind-mill to the twelfth century—the century in whose latter years the “Boldon Buke” of Bishop Pudsey was compiled. Pudsey’s Survey was made in the year 1183, when there were mills scattered all over the Bishopric, from hand-mills upwards; but we are rarely informed as to the moving power. Oxenhall (Darlington) had its “horse-mill.” The sites of other mills may suggest wind or water; and the nature of not a few is indicated by incidental allusions. The “mill-pond of Fishburn” (Sedgefield) is conclusive enough. Of Stanhope we are told that “all the villans, and all the men who hold of the farmer, make the mill-dam and carry mill-stones.” “Guy de Redworth”—(we are now copying the translation of the Boldon Book as it appears in the volume of the Surtees Society edited by Canon Greenwell)—“Guy holds the new town near Thickley in exchange for Redworth, and renders one marc, and finds 12 men one day, or one man 12 days, to mow in autumn; and he ploughs one day, and works at the mill-dam, and goes on the Bishop’s errands, and carts wine with four oxen.” These extracts would prove of themselves, if proof were needed, the presence of water-mills. The greater num-



Chimney Mills, Newcastle.

ber of the mills of the county palatine, in the twelfth century, were doubtless of this description. But when we read of the mills of Gateshead and Boldon, Easington and Shotton, Wearmouth and Tunstall, Ryhope and Burdon, we are not to assume with certainty that none of

them went by wind; nor need we conclude that "the mills" of Norton, which "had eight acres and the meadow near the mill," were careless of the breezes that blew around them both. The diocese of Durham had



WINDMILL AT TOBS NOOK,
NEWCASTLE, 1891.

probably wind as well as water power catering for the daily bread of the Bishop's subjects. And shall we not make a note of the fulling mill also? for, early in Pudsey's pages, we find ourselves on "the land of Reginald the fuller," whose mill, standing under the shadows of the Cathedral, must remind the reader of one of the ancient arts of the country, and recall the words of Scripture, where it is written that "His raiment became shining, exceedingly white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can whiten them."

A hundred years after Boldon Book was framed, came Bishop Bek. Chosen in the summer of 1283, he was consecrated in the ensuing month of January, and died in March, 1310, having worn his mitre upwards of a quarter of a century. A Roll of Bek is printed in the Surtees volume that contains the Survey of Pudsey, and gives an account of receipts and expenses of the twenty-fifth year of his reign. It begins with the rents of the mills of Darlington, Chester, Easington, and Stockton Wards, including the fulling mill of Auckland; and as old mills must be repaired and new ones constructed, we have a statement of the disbursements made in this direction, not too long to preclude its transfer to these pages:—

REFECTIONE MOLENDINORUM.
In refectione molend' de Heighington... £3 11 8½
In ref. molend' de Northaukland 1 4 0

In ref. moln' fullon ibidem	0 19 7
In ref. moln' de Wolsgingham	5 0 2
In ref. moln' de Cestr'	0 12 7½
In ref. moln' de Gatesheued	0 13 4
In ref. moln' de Ryton	0 10 0
In uno novo molendino aquatrico facto apud Brunhop	5 19 10
In ref. moln' de Bedlington	0 6 0
In ref. moln' de Langcestr'	2 8 4
In ref. moln' de Esington	2 1 5
In ref. moln' de Weremue	0 16 0
In uno novo molendino construendo apud Neubotill	1 14 4
In ref. moln' de Norton ad tascam	1 11 8
In solutio facta Roberto de Tevydale carpentario pro meremio colpando ad j. molendinum ventriticum faciendum apud Norton	1 0 0
Summa	£28 8 1½

This table comprises about a dozen of the mills of the Bishopric, one of which, we are told, was a fulling mill, another was a water-mill, and a third was a wind-mill. "Robert de Tevydale," a Scotch millwright, cutting wood for the making of a mill to go by wind in Norton, draws twenty shillings from the Bishop's purse for his job. It is the first clear sight we catch of mill-wands on the Tees.

Later than Bek, but in the same century, we have Bishop Hatfield, who held the see from 1345 to 1381; and a memorable battle—the battle of Neville's Cross—fought in full view of the monks assembled on the Minster, distinguished the period of his sway. A survey, similar to that of Pudsey, was made about the close of his reign, and is more specific than prior records as to the mills of the district. We learn from it that Haughton, Heighington, Killerby, Chester, Ryton, Houghton,



MATTHEW BANK FARM,
NORTH JESMOND, 1891.

Cornforth, Morton, and Newbottle, all had water-mills. Wolsgingham had both water and fulling mill. North Auckland had its fulling mill; and such a mill is also mentioned, in connection with Sedgefield, as being near

Cornforth. Cornforth had its water-mill. Sedgefield had both water-mill and wind-mill. So, likewise, had Gateshead. Easington, Hameldon (Wearmouth), and Hartlepool, had wind-mills. We have thus five wind-mills mentioned in the time Bishop Hatfield; three fulling mills; and numerous water-mills. There were also other mills, the character of which is not specified, at Lanchester and Burnhope, Wearmouth and Tunstall, Ryhope and Burdon, Whickham and Swalwell, and at Carlton, Norton, Stockton, and Hartburn. One of these—at Norton—we know to have been a wind-mill more than seventy years earlier than the date of Hatfield's Survey; and we may not too rashly surmise that mill-wands were not in motion in several places, between the Tyne and the Tees, long before the days of Bishop Bek. The Conqueror may not have seen them go round when he landed in Britain; but it is not unlikely that his descendant, the builder of the Keep of Newcastle in the twelfth century, saw the landscapes of England enlivened by the revolving wind-mill—the four-armed giant challenging to combat all roving Don Quixotes ready for the fray.

The fourteenth century, which gives us the evidences of Bek and Hatfield, supplies, also, a testimony of 1344, when, between these two bishops, Richard de Bury, that ardent lover of books, was Count Palatine on the Wear. In the period of this immediate predecessor of Bishop Hatfield, the Mayor and Burgesses of Stockton sought counsel, as to customs and privileges, from the Mayor and Bailiffs of Newcastle, and received from them a communication in the autumn of 1344, throwing light on the subject of mills; and it would appear, from this instructive paper, that hand and horse-power, and the power of wind and water, were at that time all in action on the Tyne together, for the grinding of corn. "Every burgess,"

said the good men of Newcastle, "may have a mill of his own upon his own land, horse-mill, water-mill, or wind-mill, or hand-mill. He may also have an oven or furnace, but not to bake bread to sell; and he may receive his neighbours unto his oven, saving the right of Our Lord the King of furnace or baikhouse." Thus, in the days of Bek, and Bury, and Hatfield, the mill-wand was as familiar a spectacle as the ship-sail in the dominion of our Bishops. That there were wind-mills on the Tweed before the battle of Neville's Cross, we learn from the instructions given, about the year 1344, to John de Coup-land, the stalwart Northumbrian knight who captured David of Scotland in 1346. He was one of the Commissioners for raising forces in the northern parts, and had injunctions to see two ruined wind-mills repaired at Berwick-upon-Tweed. (See Appendix to "The Battle of Neville's Cross," by the late Mr. Robert White.)

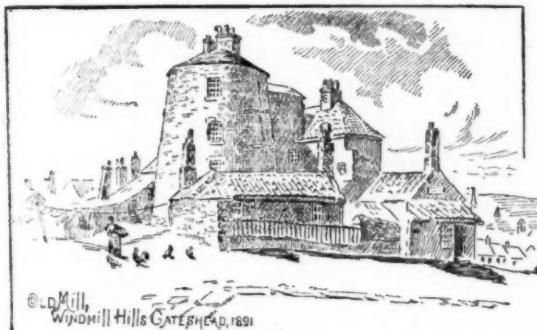
"It has been often asserted," says Beckmann, "that windmills were first invented in the East, and introduced into Europe by the Crusaders; but this is improbable, for mills of this kind are not at all (or very seldom) found in the East. There are none of them in Persia, Palestine, or Arabia; and even water-mills are there uncommon, and constructed on a small scale. Besides, we find wind-mills before the Crusades, or at least at the time when they were first undertaken." The Historian of Inventions and Discoveries thinks it probable that wind-mills "may have been made known to a great part of Europe, and particularly in France and England," by returning Crusaders. "Mabillon mentions a diploma of the year 1105, in which a convent in France is allowed to erect water and wind-mills (*molendina ad ventum*)."
And "in the year 1143 there was in Northamptonshire an abbey (Pipewell) situated in a wood, which in the course of one hundred and eighty years was entirely destroyed," one

of the causes of its destruction being said to be, "that in the whole neighbourhood there was no house, wind or water-mill built, for which timber was not taken from this wood." (Dugdale.) In the twelfth century, when wind-mills began to be more common, a dispute arose whether the tithes of them belonged to the clergy; and Pope Celestine II. de-



terminated the question in favour of the Church. In the year 1332, one Bartolomeo Verde proposed to the Venetians to build a wind-mill. When his plan had been examined, a piece of ground was assigned to him, which he was to retain in case his undertaking should succeed within a time specified. In the year 1393, the city of Spires caused a wind-mill to be erected, and sent to the Netherlands for a person acquainted with the method of grinding by it."

Facts these, of the fourteenth century, which point to the West, rather than to the East, for early familiarity



with the wind-mill—a contrivance that was used in Britain for grinding corn "in the thirteenth century and previously." Wind and water-mills were not, however, an unmixed good. We know not how it fared with families when grain was crushed into flour by hand or horse, but the baron's mill, moving by wind or water, bore heavily enough on his dependents. Professor Innes, in his "Lectures on Scotch Legal Antiquities," describes the various grants of the Crown, and, among others, those "*in molendinis*—mills—perhaps one of the oldest adjuncts of a barony—one of the most grievous oppressions of the peasantry." This kind of grant "is often amplified by the addition *cum multuris et sequclis*—specifying the multure dues of the baron's mill, and the *sucken*, as we call the population *thirled* to the mill. These rights are the subject of very frequent transactions. The neighbours fought, not only with the miller, who was the universal enemy, but with each other, as to their *roume* and order of service. One curious point of the service of the sucken was the bringing home of the mill-stones. Considering that there were few or no roads, the simplest arrangement was to thrust a beam or a young tree through the hole of the mill-stone, and then for the whole multitude to wheel it along upon its edge—an operation of some difficulty and danger in a rough district."

"It is a far cry to Loch Awe," says the old pro-

verb. It is a long stretch from the hand-quern to the steam-mill. But time bridges over the distance. The stepping-stones of invention connect the two devices together. The rude process leads up to the more refined. The fashion of successive generations passes away. The wind-mill, once thought so surpassing, gives place in its turn. In the memory of living men, the heights that face Newcastle on the Tyne were crowned with an array of wands, as depicted in one of the engravings of Brand. Animated was the spectacle on the "Windmill Hills" in bygone days—days of no far distant date. But steam

has made an end of it all. One or two towers, their wands departed, alone remain. All is changed on both sides of our river. The arms that flew merrily round on Painter Heugh and made music in every passing breeze are as silent as the horn that sounded gaily down the steep Side and along the Tyne Bridge of other days. The wind-mills that flourished in Plantagenet times sleep with the mail-coaches and the querns.

While this paper was in course of preparation (1874), a wind-mill, not numbered among our acquaintances before, rose up on the shores of Jarrow Slake, and was introduced to us by a fourth volume of the Register of Richard de Kellaw, successor of Antony Bek in the see of Durham.

The editor, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, recalls in his Preface the days when Edward I. was at war with the Scots, and the Bishop of Durham was at war with the Prior. Bek had compelled the tenantry of the Prior and Convent to follow him across the Borders; and on one of these occasions they came home without leave. Their plea was that they were not bound to do service in the field beyond the patrimony of St. Cuthbert. Their obligation to fight was limited by the Tees on the South and the Tyne on



the North. But the Bishop thought otherwise ; he would not listen to the limitation ; and several of the offenders were thrown into prison. Sore was the quarrel between the Prelate and the Prior. Bek besieged and battered his neighbours ; destroyed their aqueduct ; broke down the gates of the cloisters ; dragged the Prior, Richard de Hoton, into prison. Long is the indictment piled up by the Prior against the Bishop ; but there is only one of its counts which concerns our story. Hoton charges Bek "with dismantling his wind-mill at Jarewe." The feud



*The Round Mill,
Near North Shields.*

of the year 1305 discloses the fact that about the time when Norton had its wind-mill on the banks of the Tees, Jarrow had its wind-mill on the Tyne, and strengthens us in our faith that between these two rivers there were doubtless windmills in the Bishopric elsewhere.

The miller was grinding corn by wind on the southern side of the Tyne in the reign of Edward I. When did he begin the use of his windmill on the northern shore? Mathew's map of

1610 pictures a wind-mill in the reign of James I., outside the walls near Pandon Gate; and there was also one within the walls—we know not precisely how many years before. The 38th volume of the *Surtees Society*, consisting of "Wills and Inventories," takes us, on the 8th of November, 1592, to the sick bed of Alderman Mark Shafto, Sheriff of Newcastle in 1573, Mayor in 1578. The prosperous merchant and coalowner is making his will in "the house (he says) wherein I nowe dwell, scituat in a streets called the Side"; and to his nephew and namesake, Mark Shafto the younger, he bequeaths his "mill, standinge in a certaine place called the Painter heugh." Thus, then, in the latter years of Queen Elizabeth, the mill-wands of the merchant were moving round—now in haste, now leisurely, as the wind listed—where the lofty railway arch of to-day bestrides the confluence of the modern and ancient thoroughfares of Dean Street and the Side!

JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).

The history of wind-mills has been traced for us by Mr. Clephan in the foregoing pages. It remains, therefore, to add merely a few particulars about the remnant of old mill-stacks that are still extant in the immediate neighbourhood of Newcastle, Gateshead, and Shields. Sketches of a few of these structures, most of them not without picturesque features even when robbed of their flying sails, have been specially drawn to accompany this article. Of all the wind-mills which once gave animation to the district, only one is now in full operation—that at Chimney Mills, Newcastle. All the rest have been dismantled, left to go to wreck, or converted to other uses. Several of them, it will be observed, are now dwelling houses for the poor. The Windmill Hills at



*Belly Mill,
near North Shields.*

Gateshead, topped as they were by a long line of graceful looking objects, must have presented, when Brand was writing his "History of Newcastle," a remarkably interesting appearance. Of the great array of wind-mills which are figured in one of the plates to Brand's work, the shattered and stunted remains of two alone are yet to be seen on the elevated ground to which they gave a name that will last for centuries. Billy Mill, near North Shields, has imparted its name to the hamlet which has grown up around it. It was from the neighbourhood of this village that Killingworth Moor, whereon Newcastle races were formerly run, extended westward to Long Benton. The remarkable looking structure which was still in existence near North Shields about 1850 shows what attractive additions to the landscape of Tyneside have been lost by the substitution of steam for wind in the grinding of our corn. Even more picturesque than the object figured on page 530, is that other old mill of which a drawing (p. 529), was made by the elder T. M. Richardson. The locality of this quaint and striking structure is not known to us; but we have to thank the Rev. J. R. Boyle for the loan of the beautiful etching from which our sketch was taken. To obtain even a momentary glance at such a picture as old T. M. loved to paint must have been worth the toil and trouble of a considerable journey. And now we can only lament the rapid disappearance of the mill-wands that lent in old time so charming an aspect and variety to English life and scenery.

Elizabeth Smith, Linguist, etc.

BURN HALL, situated near the city of Durham, was one of the residences in the County Palatine which was, at one time, supposed to have been the birthplace of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Even the husband of the poetess had no certain knowledge on the subject. All doubt concerning it, however, as may be read in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1889, pp. 303-378, was removed when the Rev. Canon Burnet discovered from the register of the parish of Kelhoe that Elizabeth Barrett was born and baptised at Coxhoe Hall. But Burn Hall was the birthplace of another Elizabeth, who was almost as remarkable a person as Elizabeth Barrett herself.

Elizabeth Smith was born at Burn Hall in the December of 1776. She was the daughter of George Smith, a gentleman of considerable means at the period of her birth. It would seem that the family, when Elizabeth entered her sixth year, moved into Suffolk, whence, three years later, having inherited a splendid property in the valley of the Wye, not far from Tintern Abbey, they migrated to that district. When Elizabeth entered her sixteenth year, however, misfortune overtook her parents through the failure of a banking-house. For some time after this event, they were subjected to much distress and even privation. The father, meanwhile, obtained a commission in the army, joined his



regiment in Ireland, and eventually rose to the rank of colonel. Residing alternately in Ireland and various parts of England, Elizabeth, her mother, and some

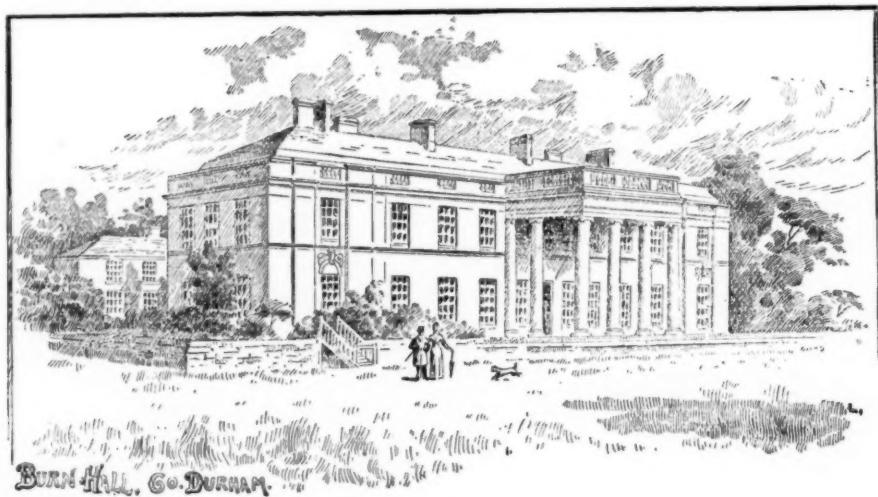


Miss Elizabeth Smith.

other members of the family eventually settled down at Tent Lodge, a villa situated in a beautiful spot at the head of Coniston Lake, no great distance

which ultimately caused her death on the 7th of August, 1806, at the early age of 29. The latter months of her life were spent mostly in a tent that had been pitched upon the lawn, where she could receive fresh air from the lake and see the beautiful scenery of the mountains. It was from this circumstance, we believe, that the house ever afterwards came to be known as Tent Lodge. The unfortunate lady was buried in Hawkshead Churchyard, where a small tablet of white marble was inscribed with a scanty record of her virtues and talents.

But the memory of Elizabeth Smith has happily been preserved in a biographical sketch of great length and interest which Thomas de Quincey contributed to one of the magazines of the day, and which Professor Masson has reprinted in his collected edition of the works of the great opium-eater. Moreover, the life of Elizabeth Smith, together with fragments from her prose and verse, was published in two volumes at Bath in 1809 by an early friend of hers, Miss H. M. Bowdler. It is to De Quincey's account, however, that readers of the present day will naturally turn for what they may want to know about his accomplished friend. "It appears," he says, "that she made herself mistress of the French, the Italian, the Spanish, the Latin, the German, the Greek, and the Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of the Syriac, the Arabic, and the Persic. She was a good geometrician and algebraist. She was a very expert musician. She drew from nature, and had an accurate knowledge of perspective. Finally, she



BURN HALL, CO. DURHAM.

from Brantwood, the residence of Mr. Ruskin.* It was while residing at Coniston that Elizabeth Smith caught a sudden chill, which made her an invalid for life, and

* If we are not mistaken, Tent Lodge was occupied for a short time about 1850 by the family of Alfred Tennyson.

manifested an early talent for poetry; but, from pure modesty, destroyed most of what she had written, as soon as her acquaintance with the Hebrew models had elevated the standard of true poetry in her mind, so as to disgust her with what she now viewed as the tameness

and inefficiency of her own performances." With all these acquirements Elizabeth Smith was perfectly



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THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

feminine in her disposition. "She paid," we are told, "particular attention to economy. No young lady dressed with more elegance and simplicity. She made

a gown, or any other article of dress, with as much skill as she explained a problem in Euclid or a passage in Hebrew." De Quincey himself describes how, when the family found themselves suddenly transferred to a miserable cabin in Ireland—"dirty, narrow, and nearly quite unfurnished"—Elizabeth changed her dripping garments (for they had travelled all day on horseback in pouring rain), donned an apron, and in no long time gathered together a very comfortable dinner for her parents—"amongst other things, a currant tart which she had herself made in a tenement absolutely unfurnished with every kitchen utensil." It was this singularly talented young person who translated the memoirs of the German poet Klopstock, and rendered the Book of Job into English in such a way that one of the best qualified judges of the time, says De Quincey, described it as "conveying more of the character and meaning of the Hebrew, with fewer departures from the idiom of the English, than any other translation whatever that we possess." "I have often conversed," adds De Quincey, "with Mrs. Hannah More about her, and I never failed to draw forth some fresh anecdote illustrating the vast extent of her knowledge, the simplicity of her character, the gentleness of her manners, and her unaffected humility."

Burn Hall, of which, and the scenes in its grounds, we give two illustrations, is now the property of Mr. Bryan J. Salvin. It is a conspicuous mansion, facing the old Sunderland Bridge at Croxdale, and occupies a bold and prominent position as seen from the North-Eastern Railway, immediately after leaving Croxdale Station on the journey northwards.



SCENE IN THE GROUNDS OF BURN HALL.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

The Headlams.

LEADERS IN CHURCH AND STATE.

WITHIN living memory the name of Headlam was a name to conjure by in the North of England. One of those who bore it, Alderman Headlam of Newcastle, was for half a century at the head of his profession as a physician, and leader of the Whig party in Tyneside politics; his brother was archdeacon of Richmond and rector of Wycliffe; his nephew was a representative of Newcastle in Parliament; his son was for many years postmaster of the town. Yet at the present day not a single person bearing this time-honoured cognomen is to be found upon Tyneside. Like that of Brandling, Fife, and Doubleday, once so popular and powerful, the name has dropped out of our public life, and is only to be found in the records of the past. Such are the transitions and fluctuations of human greatness and worldly aggrandisement!

Early in local history the Headlams appear. Henry Headlam was vicar of Newcastle in 1386. Thomas Headlam witnessed, in 1421, a deed by which John Dolphanby endowed the chantry of St. John in the church of Gateshead. Thomas Headlam (possibly the same person) was Sheriff of Newcastle in the municipal year 1444-45, and an exporter of wood, on board the good ship Peter of Newcastle, in 1450. Whether the modern family claimed descent from these old-time worthies it were profitless to inquire. For the purpose of this memoir, it is sufficient to know that in the latter half of last century the representative of the family upon the Tyne was Thomas Emerson Headlam, a shipbuilder from Stockton, whose yard was at the South Shore, and whose residence was near the Tolbooth, Gateshead; that he died in October, 1821, at the great age of 96 years; and that he was the father of the archdeacon and the alderman, and the progenitor of all the Headlams with whom local history makes us acquainted.

THOMAS EMERSON HEADLAM, M.P.

Archdeacon Headlam, rector of Wycliffe, had a family of six sons and five daughters. The eldest son, born on the 20th June, 1813, and named after his grandfather and uncle, Thomas Emerson, was sent to Shrewsbury School to receive his preliminary education. From thence he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1836, Bishop Colenso's year, he was sixteenth wrangler. When he left college, being intended for the law, he was entered as a student at the Inner Temple, and

the same year that he took his M.A. degree (1839) he was called to the bar.

Following the example of his uncle, the alderman, young Mr. Headlam took a keen interest in politics; following him also in political preferences, he allied himself to the party that, having given the country the Reform Bill, looked to the new electorate to assist them in accomplishing still further reforms. It is too much to suppose that at this early stage of his career he entertained the idea of becoming a candidate for



T. Headlam.

the borough of Newcastle. But it is a fact that the Whig party, flushed by their victories in the Reformed Council of 1836, had made up their minds to obtain as speedily as possible a monopoly of the Parliamentary as well as the municipal representation of the town, and that young men of good local family connections were the only candidates likely to fulfil their expectations. They had attempted to effect their purpose in 1837, with Mr. Charles John Bigge as second candidate, and failed; the retiring members, Mr. William Ord, Whig, and Mr. John Hodgson Hinde, Independent Tory, being re-elected. At the next election, in 1841, they were not prepared for a contest; but in the summer of 1847, when Parliament was dying a natural death, the opportunity came. Alderman Headlam had introduced his nephew to the party leaders; he was considered to be an exceptionally strong candidate; and with him they determined to fight. Parliament was not expected to break up till the end of July, yet on the 5th of that month Mr. Headlam issued an address to the constituency, and entered upon a vigorous personal canvass. For some

reason or other Mr. Hodgson Hinde declined to fight for his party in this contest, and the gauntlet thrown down by the Whigs was taken up by his brother, Mr. Richard Hodgson, one of the members for Berwick. Exchanging candidates after a contest has begun is akin to swopping horses in mid-stream, and the usual result followed. Mr. Headlam carried everything before him. On the day of nomination, Mr. Ord and he won the show of hands ; on the day of election they headed the poll. When the declaration was made by the returning officer, jubilant Whigs read the official figures with noisy demonstrations —Ord, 2,196 ; Headlam, 2,068 ; Hodgson, 1,680.

With the Whigs the representation of Newcastle remained unbroken for eighteen years. During that time six elections occurred, and in five out of the six efforts were made to break down their supremacy. But all in vain. Whether their opponents were Tories or Radicals, the Whigs held their own. And although changes did occur by the substitution of one Whig for another, yet during seven-and-twenty years Mr. Headlam retained his seat. At the election in 1852, Mr. William Henry Watson, leader of the Northern Circuit and afterwards judge, entered the contest, and was defeated by Mr. J. F. B. Blackett. Mr. Peter Carstairs was equally unsuccessful in 1857 ; Mr. P. A. Taylor, Mr. William Cuthbert, and Mr. Carstairs were easily beaten in 1859. It was not until 1865, when Mr. Joseph Cowen (afterwards Sir Joseph Cowen), wrested the second seat from Mr. Somerset Beaumont, that the strength of the Whig party in Newcastle was seriously shaken ; and it was not until February, 1874, when Mr. Headlam himself suffered defeat, that their predominance in local politics was completely broken up.

The impartial biographer, recording merely facts and dates, indulges in neither personal nor political criticism. It is enough in this place to state that Mr. Headlam's political career, if not brilliant, was respectable. He took in hand the question of mortmain ; obtained, in 1852, the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the matter ; and was chiefly instrumental in procuring the adoption of the Charitable Trusts Act, by which the law relating to pious uses was placed upon a better foundation. He accepted office in the Liberal Government which came into power in 1859 and lasted till 1866, his post being that of Judge-Advocate-General.

Upon his defeat in Newcastle, Mr. Headlam retired to his estate at Gilmonby, near Barnard Castle, and devoted himself to the discharge of his duties as a magistrate of the county of Durham and the North Riding of Yorkshire. The loss of his seat, which he had occupied uninterruptedly in six Parliaments, told upon his health. Ordered abroad in the winter of 1875, he proceeded as far as Calais, and there, on the 3rd December, he died.

ALDERMAN HEADLAM, OF NEWCASTLE.

Thomas Emerson Headlam, the alderman—Dr. Headlam, as he was more familiarly called—was born at Gates-

head, on the 4th of June, 1777, and received his early education at the Royal Free Grammar School of Newcastle. In due course, being designed for the profession of medicine, he was sent to Edinburgh University. Taking his degree in the year 1800, he commenced



to practice at Durham, but, being appointed one of the physicians to the Infirmary, upon the resignation in 1804 of Dr. John Clark, founder of the Dispensary, he removed to Newcastle.

Settling down to a steady and progressive practice, Dr. Headlam took up his freedom of the Shipwrights' Company, and interested himself in local politics and public affairs. At the election of 1820, when the friends of the Scott family brought forward a son of the future Lord Stowell to oppose the retiring members, he went on the hustings, and proposed the re-election of Sir Matthew White Ridley. From that time he devoted himself to the promotion of the interests of the Whig party. Throughout the great struggle for Reform he was a staunch supporter of Earl Grey, and although displaying neither the enthusiasm of Fife, nor the sarcasm of Attwood, and lacking both the fire of Larkin and the eloquence of Philipson, he was able by his tact, culture, and social position to render effectual service to the agitation.

The position that he had taken up in politics kept Dr. Headlam outside the close preserves of the old Corporation of Newcastle. But, as soon as the Municipal Reform Act had opened the doors of the Council to the ratepayers at large, he was nominated a councillor for North St. Andrew's Ward, and returned at the top of the poll. At the first meeting of the newly-constituted body he gained the highest place but one amongst the

elected aldermen, and, taking his seat in the Council Chamber, began to exercise an influence, potent in character and prompt in action, upon municipal affairs. Working generally with Fife, Losh, Doubleday, and the Reformers in the Council, he assisted to maintain the supremacy of his party in the higher departments of corporate office. The writer of the "Corporation Annual" (1836), dedicated to him as "T. E. H., Esq., Leader of the Clique," makes it appear that the maintenance of his party in power was the mainspring of Dr. Headlam's municipal career, and the doctor undoubtedly laid himself open to the charge. In a speech "of some length" he supported the motion by which the Mayor under the old regime, Mr. J. Lionel Hood, a Tory, was ejected from his seat and replaced by Mr. Charles John Bigge, a Whig. He also it was who, the following year, moved and carried the election of Mr. Joseph Lamb, the second Whig Mayor. And it was he who, for the third Mayoralty in the new Corporation, allowed himself to be nominated. There was a reason for his action on this occasion. The British Association was coming to Newcastle; a man of culture was needed to represent the town worthily, and the doctor was chosen unanimously.

President of the Medical School in connection with the University of Durham, acknowledged head of the profession, and leader of his party, Dr. Headlam held a position resembling that which aforetime had been occupied by the Blacketts and the Ridleys. Into the later period of his long career, with its trials and troubles, it is unnecessary to enter. Reverses of fortune, to which no act of his contributed, cast their shadow over the evening of his life. Proud and reserved, he bore them with the dignity which characterised the brighter days of his youth and prime. Once in his declining years an opportunity arose by which his quondam political associates might have retrieved his fortunes, and crowned themselves with honour in the process. The mastership of the Mary Magdalene Hospital fell vacant. Dr. Headlam would have filled the post with credit to himself and to them. But, in spite of appeals and protests, they passed over their venerable and learned fellow-townsman, and appointed a stranger! No word of complaint, no sign of resentment at the shocking ingratitude of his old colleagues came from Dr. Headlam. He absented himself from the Council Chamber while the controversy raged, but as soon as it was over he resumed his round of duty, and took his share in municipal work. In 1862 he accompanied to Cambridge the Newcastle deputation which invited the British Association to revisit the Tyne, and before that second visit had taken place, in his 87th year, he led a deputation to London to invite the Royal Agricultural Society to hold another exhibition in Newcastle. He was in his place at the meeting of the Town Council on the 3rd of February, 1864, and moved that loyal and congratulatory addresses

should be presented to the Queen, and the Prince of Wales, "upon the auspicious birth of a son who might at some future day ascend the throne of these realms." That was his last public appearance. A fortnight later, on the 18th of the month, he died, and on the 24th his remains were honoured by a public funeral.

Robert Rhodes.

ORIGINATOR OF ST. NICHOLAS'S STEEPLE.

Few of the eminent men whose public services have been described in these sketches have left to posterity a memorial of their good works so lofty and so durable as that with which Robert Rhodes enriched the North of England when he originated the beautiful lantern tower of St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle. "It lifteth up a head of Majesty, as high above the rest as the Cypress Tree above the low Shrubs," writes Gray in the "Chorographia." "Supposed, as to its Model, to be the most curious in the whole Kingdom," continues Bourne. "Surpassing the Cathedral of St. Sophia at Constantinople, the Mosque of Sultan Saladin at Jerusalem, the Church of St. Peter at Rome, and even the Temple of Minerva at Athens," adds one of the Vicars, in a fit of generous, and apparently genuine, enthusiasm.

Gray tells us that this "stately high Stone Steeple, with many Pinakles," and its "stately Stone Lantherne, standing upon four Stone Arches," was "builded by Robert de Rhodes, Lord Priour of Tynemouth, in Henry 6 dayes." Bourne, doubting the accuracy of this statement, was "rather inclinable to believe that one Robert Rhodes, Esq., who lived in this Town in the Reign of Henry the 6th, was the true Person." Subsequent inquiry has confirmed Bourne's conjecture. It is true that there was a Prior of Tynemouth named Robert Rhodes in the latter part of Henry the Sixth's reign, but there is no proof that he troubled himself in the slightest degree with matters relating to Newcastle or its churches. By common consent, therefore, the erection of St. Nicholas' lantern-crowned steeple is ascribed to Robert Rhodes, Esq. Fortunately for us, an accomplished local antiquary, Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe, has gathered together sufficient details of the life and doings of this great benefactor to form an interesting biography.

Robert Rhodes, "learned in the law," was a son of John Rhodes, of Newcastle, and Isabel, his wife. Besides the lawyer, John Rhodes had a son named after himself, and either he, or that son, succeeding the great merchant, Roger Thornton, was Mayor of Newcastle from Michaelmas, 1429, to the same date in 1432. Robert Rhodes did not accept municipal office. In 1427 he was elected one of the representatives of Newcastle in Parliament, and he occupied the same position in seven successive elections—perhaps in eight, for the returns of the Parliament which met in 1445 (the eighth after his first appointment) have not been

preserved, and the names of the Newcastle members are unknown. While he was thus occupied, before 1435, he married Joan, daughter and heiress of Walter Hawyck, of Little Eden, near Easington. This lady was connected, in some way or other, with William Hoton, of Hardwick, in the parish of Sedgefield, steward of the convent of Durham, in whose will, dated 1445,

King. The following year, described as Robert Rhodes, of the parish of All Saints in Newcastle, he conveyed property at Gateshead to one William Ableston, and Agnes his wife, and about the same time he became lessee for forty years of the manor of Wardley, near Jarrow, formerly a demesne residence of the Priors of Durham. In 1440, Henry VI. appointed him Controller of Customs at Newcastle.

Loans of money to the convent at Durham and other acts of devotion to the Church procured for Robert Rhodes in August, 1444, a grant of "Letters of Fraternity" from the Prior and the brethren, entitling him to be addressed as "brother," and to participate in all masses, vigils, fasts, prayers, divine offices, and other works of piety performed by the monks and their successors during his lifetime, and after his death to the usual suffrages of prayer for the welfare of his soul. The following year, on the decease of William Hoton, the Prior wrote to Sir Thomas Neville, brother of the Bishop, suggesting that Hoton's successor in the stewardship of the convent should be "a learned man," as Hoton was, and desiring him to "charge Robert Rhodes, my Lord's servant, and yours, and my trusty friend, to be our steward, for we had never more need." Sir Thomas complied with the Prior's wish, and Rhodes, accepting the appointment, was assigned an official residence at Durham, in the South Bailey, near the Watergate. Soon after his appointment he presented to the shrine of St. Cuthbert a handsome cross of gold, "containing portions of the pillar to which Christ was bound, and of the rock in which his grave was hewn," and in return, to make his occasional residence within the precincts agreeable, the grateful monks obtained for him license to construct a little door, "in the outer wall of the castle of Durham, in the southern bailey, opposite his mansion there, and contiguous to the garden thereof, and to have free ingress and egress thereby." In 1451, with Roger Thornton the younger, he became a trustee of the possessions of William Johnson's chantry (St. Catherine's) in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, and the same year acquired the vill of Whetlawe, or Wheatley Hill, near Wingate. During all this time he retained his Newcastle home, as appears from a letter addressed to him in June, 1456, by the Prior of Durham, desiring him, being on business in London, to purchase two hogsheads of the best "Malvesye" that could be bought there, and send it, in his own name, to his "house in Newcastle."

His wife, Joan Hawyck, dying childless, Robert Rhodes married Agnes —, a lady whose surname has not been discovered. The date of the marriage is unknown, but it was before September, 1459, on the 14th of which month, Agnes, wife of John Bedford, of Hull, and widow successively of John Strother and Richard Dalton, of Newcastle, bequeathed "to Agnes Rhodes" a girdle, embroidered in silver gilt. About this time, prior to the deposition of Henry VI. (1461), whose



"Robert Rodes, and Joan his wife," and Roger Thornton, appear with separate remainders. Shortly after his marriage his name occurs in the Rolls of Bishop Langley (1436) as a commissioner, with Roger Thornton, Sir William Eure, and six others, to take inquisition concerning all persons seised of lands, rents, offices, &c., of the annual value of 100*s.* and upwards, and, therefore, liable to the payment of a new subsidy granted to the

license was obtained for the purpose, he and his second wife refounded the chantry of St. John Baptist and St. John Evangelist, in St. Nicholas' Church, to find a priest for ever to say mass daily, and pray for their souls and the souls of all Christian people.

Robert Rhodes died on the 20th April, 1474, without issue. His estate at Little Eden went, under settlements, to the Trollop family; Wheatley Hill and the rest of his property descended to his heiress, Alice, daughter of his brother John.

At what time Robert Rhodes set up the stately crown of St. Nicholas' is unknown. That its erection was due to his munificence can hardly be doubted. "A little worse for smoke and substitutions," writes Mr. Longstaffe, "there it stands, a joy; and, aloft in the groining of the coeval tower which supports it, we read, 'Orate pro anima Roberti Rodes.' The same prayer, and shields bearing Rhodes's arms, were at one time to be seen in the churches of All Saints and St. John. When All Saints was rebuilt, these memorials disappeared. At St. John's one of the shields decayed, and an attempt was made to reproduce it. "But," as the late Mr. James Clephan wrote, "not long had the new shield and inscription occupied the place of the old ere an iconoclastic chisel was raised against the legend, and 'Orate pro anima' fell before its edge—leaving the grammar of 'Roberti Rodes' to shift as it might. This was the most unkindest cut of all—an indignity which might well have been spared to the escutcheon of Robert Rodes."

1837 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he subsequently became a fellow. For two years he held the professorship of English Literature at the London University College. In November, 1845, he was called to the bar (Middle Temple), and travelled the Northern Circuit



TOM TAYLOR.

until 1850, when he was appointed Assistant-Secretary to the Board of Health. The Board was reconstructed in 1854, and he became secretary, which position he filled until the abolition of the department, when his services were transferred to the Local Government Office—a department of the Home Office which the Act of 1866 created.

It was in early life that Tom Taylor gave evidence of his love for the drama. A loft over a brewer's stable constituted his first theatre, and his play-fellows were the *dramatis persona*. His first attempt at dramatic composition was a rhymed extravaganza written in conjunction with Albert Smith and Charles Kenny. The piece was performed in 1846, and from this time forward Taylor wrote continuously for the stage. The best known of his dramatic pieces, which number over one hundred, are "New Men and Old Acres," "Masks and Faces" (in collaboration with Charles Reade), "Still Waters Run Deep," and "The Ticket of Leave Man."

Tom Taylor has been pronounced the first dramatist of his day, so far as general appreciation goes; and if, in writing pieces, he made it his chief business to construct a popular play, his dramas are at the same time remarkable for their literary excellence. Besides writing plays, Taylor was a very frequent contributor to the light maga-

Tom Taylor, the Third Editor of *Punch*.



MONG the many brilliant men who have controlled the destinies of *Punch* is one who belonged to the North-Country. We allude, of course, to Tom Taylor, who, upon the death of Shirley Brooks in 1874, became editor of the great comic journal. Considering that his reign was of an exceptionally successful and genial character, it may not be amiss if we briefly indicate a few of the leading events in his life.

Tom Taylor was born on October 19, 1817, in a house in the High Street, Sunderland. Subsequently the family lived for many years in Union Street, their house occupying a site now covered by the north end of the Central Railway Station platform. Tom's father was a brewer to business; and his mother, though English-born, was of German extraction. For several years Tom attended Dr. Towers's Academy in William Street. He then went to Glasgow University, where he studied two sessions. In

zine literature of the day. He also edited the "Autobiography of B. R. Haydon," the "Autobiography of C. R. Leslie, R.A.," and the "Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds." In 1872 he withdrew from official life, and two years afterwards accepted the position of editor of *Punch*.

Occasionally Tom Taylor appeared with success in amateur theatricals. Among his hits were the character of Adam in "As You Like It" and that of Jasper in "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing." He was likewise an amateur painter of no mean order, and for many years acted as art critic to *The Times*.

Tom Taylor, who retained to the last a strong affection for his native town, died on July 12, 1880, at Lavender Sweep, Wandsworth, London. During his career, he frequently wrote articles for the *Sunderland Herald*, his contributions to that paper being sent, one of his intimate friends states, purely out of love for Sunderland.

A splendid portrait of Mr. Taylor, executed by H. Fleuss, and presented by his widow, is hung in the Subscription Library, in Fawcett Street, Sunderland. It was sent to Mr. Edward Capper Robson, president of the Library. The frame bears this inscription:—"Tom Taylor: born in this town October 19th, 1817 : died in London July 12th, 1880. Presented by his wife, Laura W. Taylor, to the Sunderland Subscription Library, an institution ever associated in his mind with the happy recollections of his early days." The following letter, addressed to Mr. Robson, accompanied the gift:—

October 24th, 1883, 5, London Road,
St. John's Wood, W.C.

Dear Sir,—I have in my possession a full-length portrait of my dear husband, which I should feel gratified to present to the Library of Sunderland, a place beyond all others intimately and interestingly associated with his early youth and studies, and where it would be seen and appreciated by his fellow-townsmen. My brother-in-law, Arnold, at my request, mentioned the subject to you during his late visit to Sunderland, and he tells me you expressed yourself on the subject in a way most gratifying to the feelings of myself, my son, and daughter. I therefore write to you, as president of the Library, to beg you to accept the picture as a record (imperfect, it is true, but still bearing many traits of the beloved original) of one whose memory Sunderland must be proud to honour and cherish.—Yours sincerely, LAURA W. TAYLOR.

The Simonside Dwarfs.

A TRIBE of queer-looking dwarfish elves or demons, closely related to the Norse Dwergar and German Zwerge, who had their generic name given to them from their being so very deformed, cross-grained, and ugly (from the Teutonic zwerch, quer, meaning cross, oblique, awry), were once supposed to haunt the Simonside Hills, which lie in the centre of Northumberland, between Rothbury and Elsdon.

They were often said to be heard and seen by the country people in the olden time, especially by the shep-

herds, whose vocation led them to be out late at night at lambing-time or on the appearance of a storm among these bleak, heath-covered hills, almost worthy to be called mountains, since the clouds frequently rest on their summits.

Some time during last century, so runs the tale, one person, bolder than his neighbours, who had never happened to fall in with any of these supernatural beings during his nocturnal perambulations, and who, in fact, did not believe in their existence, went out one night on purpose to challenge their appearance, and ascertain who and what they really were, if, as he certainly did not expect, they chose to show themselves. Dare-devils of this sort were not uncommon in that age, any more than they are now; but their deficiency in the bump of cautiousness was apt to lead them at times into wild if not perilous adventures; and so it fell out in this case.

Our adventurer knew the neighbourhood well, and felt assured that he would soon come safely back, after having satisfied himself that the dwarfs were a pure myth; that the noises alleged to be made by them were really made by moss-bummers and heather-bleaters, or by buzzards, shrikes, bitterns, and wild geese flying past; and that those who thought they had seen them had either mistaken in their panic some weird-looking natural object in the dark for an uncanny elf, or been telling downright fibs to astonish the weak-minded natives. He had him self one night heard "Roarie," when going through a thick, dark plantation, and had afterwards clearly ascertained that redoubtable boggle to be neither more nor less than an old owl.

Wrapped in his plaid, and furnished with a stout staff, he wandered about for some time, but saw nothing portentous. At last, before wending his way homeward, his fancy took him to pretend that he was lost, and so he lustily shouted, "Tint! tint!" in the old Northumbrian vernacular. Immediately a light shone towards him, like a candle in a shepherd's cottage window; and he set out for the place with great care, as the ground was rough and the night dark. He soon came to a deep hollow, from which turf or peat had been dug, and which was now filled with mud and water. This stayed his progress, for he was resolved that it should be no Slough of Despond for him. So, raising a piece of turf lying at his feet, he threw it into the moss-hagg—splash! The imps, it would seem, thought he had fallen in, and that he would assuredly be suffocated among the filthy mud; and therefore, their devilish purpose having been accomplished, out went their light. The conqueror, as he deemed himself to be, was overjoyed at his victory, though won at the expense of his hitherto stubborn incredulity; for now, indeed, it really seemed that dwarfs there were, and that, like the murderous wreckers on some parts of the British coast, they hung out false lights to wile wanderers to their doom. Turning on his heel, therefore, he began to proceed homewards; but, not satisfied with what he had so

cleverly accomplished, and anxious, moreover, to have something further to tell his wondering neighbours, he again began to cry with all his might, "Tint! tint!"

But now, lo and behold! three little demons came up in hard pursuit of him, with bowed legs, scraggy arms, and distorted features, and holding lighted torches in their tiny hands, as if they were wishful to get a clear view of their daring foe. No wonder he took to his heels; but before he had run many yards, he found himself surrounded by a great crowd of elves, each with a torch in one hand and a club in the other.

They brandished their weapons as if they would hinder his flight and drive him back into the slough; but he turned and charged them, staff in hand, and with its oaken weight smote the foremost to the earth—at least so he thought, for they instantly vanished. Alack! it was only to come back again as quickly. His well-aimed blow had fallen upon nothing palpable; and out of his reach, from the surrounding darkness, new swarms appeared, larger and more frightful than before. His valour at last began to wane—not because he was physically weakened, but because the grim, weird faces which were not of earthly mould, struck like fiery darts into his soul, and paralysed him with something worse than fear—with horror indescribable. In this condition he sank down until daybreak, and only recovered his senses when the light arose, and he could find his way home—"a sadder and a wiser man."

On another occasion, according to tradition, a traveller found himself benighted in these wild regions, and, following up a glimmering light, came to what seemed a hut. On the floor a fire was burning between two rough grey stones, and he thought the place must lately have been left by the

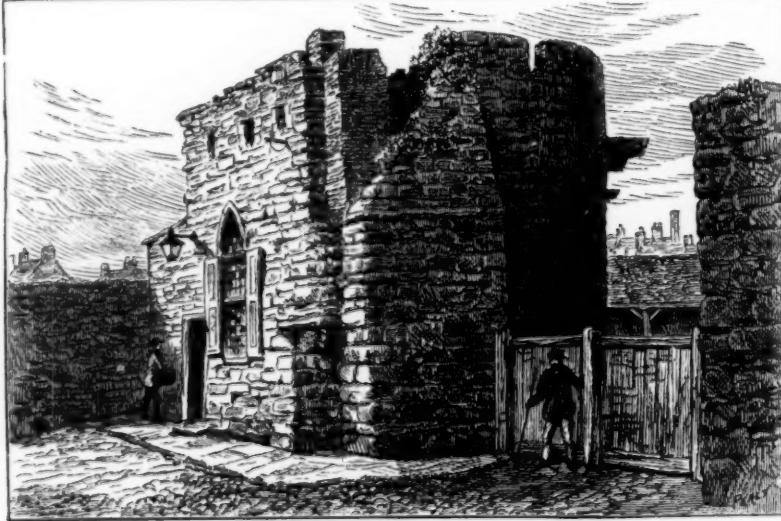
gipsies, for the burning embers were those of wood, and on one side lay two gateposts, ready to be chopped up for more. He made up the fire with some refuse brushwood, which was strewed about the floor, as if left from besom-making; and, having thus made things comfortable, sat down on one of the stones. But lo! a visitor enters—a little creature, in uncouth human shape, no higher than his knee, waddling in, and quietly sitting down on the other stone.

The traveller, who had been fully instructed by his sage grandmother in the ways of boggles, knew how to behave in the presence of such individuals as this evidently was, and, without either speaking or moving, sat stolid and self-possessed. As the fire blazed up, he looked calmly into the hollow eyes of his new friend and examined with no little interest his stern, vindictive features, and his short, strong, ungainly limbs. Soon, however, feeling the cold night air set in, against which the hut offered but a poor protection, he broke a small piece of wood over his knee; and laid the fragments on the waning fire. The demon seemed to look upon this action with contempt, and, to show his superior power, scornfully seized a gratepost, broke it over his knee, and laid the pieces on the fire likewise. The mortal now sat still till morning, and let the fire die away into darkness, not being very anxious to see any further demonstrations of supernatural power.

Day dawned, and where was he? Sitting alone on a stone, with a heap of white ashes before him. The fiendish dwarf had vanished, together with the spectral hut, but the stone was a real one, being one of the highest pinnacle crags beetling over a deep precipice, down whose rugged steep the slightest careless movement would

have thrown him!

It might be interesting to the reader to hear how and where these dwarfs—to some so malicious, to others so beneficent—took their rise. According to the mythology of our Northern sires, they were supposed to have been bred in the bowels of the earth, like worms in a corpse; in fact, they were nothing else than maggots in the flesh of Ymir, the father of the frost giants, and himself the old frost giant who was



HERBER TOWER, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

slain by Odin. Of his flesh the earth was formed; of his blood or sweat, the sea; of his bones, the mountains; of his hair, the trees; of his skull, the heavens; of his brains, the clouds. The dwarfs, then, were at first mere worms; but they partook, by the will of the gods, of human shape and understanding, though their dwellings were the most rugged and inaccessible rocks and caves. Records of these curious little beings are to be found in the folk-lore of all nations.

The Walls of Newcastle.

NIN the Middle Ages the great cities and towns of England, like those of the Continent of Europe, and indeed of most parts of the world, were girded about by fortified walls. Such provisions for defence were indispensable. Rebellions, civil wars, and invasions were of frequent occurrence, and the strength of a kingdom, and the very stability of a throne, depended upon the possibility of rapidly and effectively putting the great military centres and outposts into an efficient state of defence. Especially was this the case with fortresses and fortified towns in proximity to a contested borderland. Every student of Border history is aware of the part played by Carlisle and Berwick and Newcastle in the oft-revived struggle between England and Scotland. But this state of things has for ever passed away. The great castles have either become the peaceful abodes of splendid wealth or have fallen into ruin, whilst the walls of the towns have been piece by piece removed to make way for modern extensions and improvements. Of the many English towns which were formerly fortified, only York, Chester, and Conway retain their walls even in a comparatively perfect state. In most cases, only a few fragments remain, while in some the fortifications have entirely disappeared.

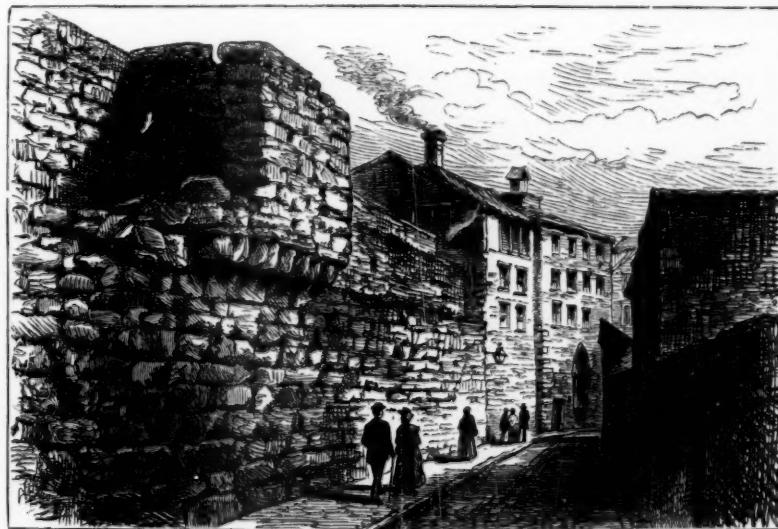
It is not necessary, in writing about the walls of Newcastle, to recapitulate the history of the founding of the town. It is sufficient to say

that the fortress to which Newcastle owes its name was erected by Robert, Duke of Normandy, in 1080, for the express purpose of resisting such invasions in future as that of King Malcolm which he had then led an army into the North to avenge. It is, however, to William Rufus that Newcastle owes its foundation, not as a military outpost, but as a great commercial centre. Hardinge, the metrical chronicler, in recording the deeds of Rufus, tells us that

He builded the New Castle upon Tyne
The Scots to gainstand and to defend
And dwell therein. The people to incline
The town to build, and wall as did append,
He gave them ground and gold full great to spend ;
To build it well, and wall it all about ;
And franchised them to pay a free rent out.

This passage clearly refers to the building of the town, and there is evidence to show that the works to which it relates dated from the year 1095. It must not be supposed, however, that the walls erected in the time of Rufus occupied even the same sites as those of later times. They may have done so to a very limited extent, but it is certain that, as the town extended, portions of the walls were rebuilt, so as to enclose an enlarged area. Of this process we have one extremely interesting instance recorded, to which we shall again refer.

The later lines of mural fortification were due in the main to the Edwardian period. Leland, the antiquary, after quoting Hardinge's account of the erection of the walls, adds, "This is clean false as concerning the town wall." Leland's own account of their origin has been printed in the *Monthly Chronicle* (see vol. for 1890, p. 291). But whilst his legend that the capture of the wealthy merchant by the Scots was the occasion of the first



WALL TURRET NEAR ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

walling of the town must be discarded as mere fable, he is undoubtedly right in ascribing the walls, as they existed in his day, to the three first Edwards.

The walls never quite encircled the town. Before the Edwardian fortifications were commenced the river side of the street known as the Close seems to have been so completely occupied as to preclude the erection of a wall there. And besides this, there could not have been the same necessity for a mural defence there as round other parts of the town. The Close could only be attacked from the river, and the existence of the bridge was an effectual barrier to the approach of an enemy in that direction. But, from the west end of the Close, the wall extended in an unbroken line round the town, till it joined the north end of Tyne Bridge. The whole length of the wall was about eighty yards less than two miles, but the circumference of the enclosed part of the town was a little over two miles and a furlong. The wall had six principal gates; but, besides these, there were two or three posterns, and between the corner of Sandhill and the Sand Gate were several small gates which had been made for the purpose of carrying merchandise to and from the vessels lying in the river. Between the gates, and at irregular distances, averaging 116 yards, were towers, and between these again were small turrets, built upon the battlements of the wall. The towers were twenty in number; and, according to Bourne, there were generally two wall-turrets between one tower and the next. On the turrets figures of soldiers, rudely cut in stone, were mounted. Several of these have been preserved, and may be seen in the guard-room of the Old Castle.

Not one of the gates of Newcastle has been allowed to remain, but we possess drawings or engravings of the whole of them, and from these we learn much about their architectural character and their military importance. Several of the towers still exist, though in almost every instance they have been greatly modernised, or entirely rebuilt. But considerable portions of the wall are yet standing, and, although we cannot but regret that so much has been in many cases needlessly destroyed, we must be grateful for what is left. These fragments of the ancient fortifications of the town enable us to realise the character of its military defences in bygone times in a way immeasurably more accurate and valuable than could be possible from written or printed records and pictures. We are thankful for records and pictures, but let us cling tenaciously to existing remains.

The first thing to be noticed is the strength of the walls themselves. Leland assures us that "the strength and magnificence of the walling of this town far passeth all the walls of the cities of England, and most of the towns of Europe." William Lithgow, the traveller, bears similar testimony. He says:— "The walls about the town are both high and strong,

built both within and without with *saxo quadrato*, and mainly fenced with dungeon towers, interlarded also with turrets, and along with them a large and defensive battlement. . . . The walls here of Newcastle are a great deal stronger than those of York, and not unlike to the walls of Avignon, but especially of Jerusalem."

The height of the wall is said to have averaged twelve feet, while its thickness was at least eight feet at the ground level. Outside the wall was a deep and wide ditch or fosse. Its width was at least twenty-two yards. In considering the defence which such a structure afforded it must be remembered that it was built at a time when the use of gunpowder was unknown. The only means by which it could be attacked were, mining its foundations, employing the battering ram against it, and scaling its front. It would occupy more space than we can afford to describe the manner in which these systems of attack were carried out or the military engines which were employed. The military value, however, of such fortifications lay in the fact that a comparatively small garrison within could defy an immeasurably larger force without.

The great purpose of the towers was to enable the garrison to assail the enemy who might be attacking the walls themselves. The towers projected from the face of the wall, and thus afforded means of lateral defence, while the turrets afforded protection to the soldiers who were actually upon the battlements of the wall.

The wall may be said to have commenced on the brink of the river, a few yards south of the Close Gate. Here there was a tower. The site of the Close Gate is marked by an inscription in the wall on the north side of the street. Behind the houses, close to this inscription, some shapeless fragments of the wall remain, but there is no trace of the Break Neck Stairs by which the steep bank was ascended. On the crest of the bank stood the White Friar Tower, which derived its name from its proximity to the house of the White Friars. Immediately beyond this point a portion of the wall, with its battlements still perfect, yet remains. It is one of the best preserved fragments now in existence. The masonry is distinctly of the Edwardian period. The next tower, which stood on a site now occupied by the new railway works, was the Denton or Neville Tower, the former designation due to the family who gave their name to Denton Chare, and the latter to the proximity of the town residence of the Nevilles. At this point the wall took a sudden turn to the west, and ran forward to the West Gate, passing on the way West Spital, Stank, Gunner, and Pink Towers, the last of which remained, though in a modernised form, till Pink Lane was widened a few years ago. With the exception of the New Gate, the West Gate was the finest of the town entrances. Leland describes it as a "mighty strong thing of four wards and an iron gate." Tradition ascribes its erection to the great Roger Thornton, and, although there must

have been a gate at this point long before his time, as, indeed, is implied in the legendary rhyme :—

At the West Gate came Thornton in,
With a hap, and a halfpenny, and a lamb skin,

yet the architecture of the gate which was taken down in 1811 was certainly of his time.

Between West Gate and New Gate several considerable portions of the wall still exist. The most interesting part is that which runs along the back of Stowell Street, at the west end of which is the Herber Tower. The outer front of the tower forms a bastion-like projection from the face of the wall. The long stone corbels which stand out from the tower were intended to carry a timber gallery, from which the garrison could shower their arrows and other missiles down upon their assailants. The towers between West Gate and New Gate were called the Durham, Herber, Morden, Ever (from the family of Eure), and Andrew Towers. Then came New Gate, a truly majestic portal, and the main entrance to the town from the north. It had barbican, drawbridge, and portcullis, and was certainly one of the strongest and most magnificent gateways in England. Its architecture was of various periods, but much of it was at least as early as the end of the thirteenth century. Its name seems to imply the previous existence of a gateway on the same site. There were only two towers between New Gate and Pilgrim Street Gate. These were named Bertram Monboucher and Fickett Towers. Pilgrim Street Gate seems to have been an Edwardian structure, but had been greatly modernised. Then came Carliol Tower (named from the local family of Carliol), removed a few years ago to make way for the Public Library Buildings, and Carliol Croft (or Plummer) Tower, which still exists. This is the first part of the wall now in existence after we leave the precincts of St. Andrew's Churchyard. Next came Austin Tower, which had its name from its nearness to the abode of the Augustinian Friars. No part of it now exists. Of the next tower, called the Corner Tower, a considerable portion remains, and forms an important landmark, not only of local topography, but of local history. Formerly the town wall ran southward from this point, by Cowgate and Broad Chare, to the brink of the river. The comparative width of these thoroughfares is due to the fact that they were formerly partly occupied by the wall. But in 1299 Pandon was annexed to Newcastle, and it became necessary to include it within the walls. For this purpose the part of the wall which ran along Cowgate and Broad Chare was taken down, and what is spoken of in documents of that period as a new wall was carried round Pandon by way of Wall Knoll. This accounts for the abrupt change in the direction of the wall at Corner Tower, and also for the name of that member of the fortifications. Wall Knoll or Carpenters' Tower yet exists, but only a small portion of the wall itself (behind the warehouses of

Messrs. Monkhouse and Brown and Messrs. Angus and Co. Stockbridge) now remains in this neighbourhood. Between Wall Knoll Tower and the site of the Sand Gate the wall has been almost, though not quite, destroyed. A small part of it may be found by the diligent seeker on the east side of a short *cul-de-sac* which leads from the Quayside just west of the Milk Market. Sand Gate was entirely taken down in 1798, and the part of the wall between it and Tyne Bridge had made way for the hales and barrels of Quayside commerce thirty-five years before. But, none the less, it may be truly said to still exist, for its stones were used, in part at least, to build the present church of St. Ann.*

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Macready in the North.



NEWCASTLE was the scene of many interesting incidents in the career of the celebrated tragedian, William Charles Macready. Descriptions of some of these incidents are scattered through the diary and journals of the great actor himself, published in 1875 by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It is from this interesting work that we propose to take a few passages relating to the North. The elder Macready, a provincial manager of some repute, was at different times the lessee of theatres in Birmingham, Leicester, Stafford, Manchester, Newcastle, and other places. William Charles, who was born in London on March 3, 1793, appears to have been a scholar at Rugby when his father first entered upon the management of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. Owing to the financial trouble which overtook the elder while the younger was still at school, young Macready resolved to adopt the theatrical profession, for which, however, if we may take his own statements seriously, he never seems to have had much affection. While the father was fighting with his creditors in Manchester, the son assumed, for a short summer season, the supervision of the Newcastle theatre. This was in 1809. A year later, William Charles appeared on his father's boards at Birmingham in "Romeo and Juliet," "the part of Romeo by a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage." Soon afterwards the "young gentleman" played leading characters in Newcastle, becoming very speedily "the established favourite of the Newcastle audience." And from this date (1810) down to the end of his career on the stage, he was a frequent visitor to Tyneside.

Writing of his early experiences in Newcastle, Macready puts down some grateful recollections of

* For other views of the walls and gates of Newcastle see previous volumes of the *Monthly Chronicle*. Reference to these may be readily obtained by consulting the general index to the series.

three ladies of the name of Hedley. This is what he says under date of May, 1810:—

The peculiar situation in which I had been placed for the greater part of the year was one, as I now look back upon it, that might have determined my lot for more severe trials than have—I say it thankfully—fallen to my share. It almost unavoidably threw me into intimacy with minds not capable of improving, nor likely much to benefit, one so young and impulsive as myself, and led me into occasional dissipation, which might have induced habits destructive of ability and reputation. To my excellent friends, the Misses Hedley, three maiden sisters, of good family, and almost oracles in the best social circles of Newcastle, I owe my rescue from the liabilities I was then incurring. They were lovers of the theatre; one particular box was nightly reserved for them, which they scarcely ever failed to occupy for some part of the evening. A little before the close of the season they gave me an invitation to take tea with them, and took advantage of the occasion to represent to me that some of the leading people in the place would be ready to show me kindness and attention if they were sure that I was select in my associates. They pointed out to me the evils and dangers of dissipation and low company in the career I was about to enter on, and induced me, by their friendly and sensible expostulations, to give attentive consideration to a subject of such consequence to young people entering life. That they became the firm and cordial friends of myself and my sisters to the end of their lives is proof that their thoughtful interposition between me and ill-fortune was not without some result.

It was during the Newcastle season of 1812 that Macready first met Mrs. Siddons. Here is his own account of his pleasant relations with that marvellous actress:—

Mrs. Siddons—a name that even now excites in me something like a reverential feeling—was on the point of concluding her engagement at Edinburgh previous to taking her leave of the stage in London. Her way lay through Newcastle, and she engaged to act there two nights. On hearing this some of her friends in the town—and she had many—wrote to her (as she afterwards told my father) requesting she would make Lady Randolph one of her characters, my years and ardour suiting so well the part of Norval. The plays she fixed on were “The Gamester” and “Douglas.” Norval was a favourite character with me, but Beverley I had to study, and with the appalling information that I was to act it with Mrs. Siddons! With doubt, anxiety, and trepidation, I set about my work, but with my accustomed resolution to do my very best. The language of the play is prose, and sufficiently prosaic; but I went to work at it with a determined though agitated spirit, and sought out in every sentence the expressions that would most clearly illustrate the varying emotions of the character. The words of the part I was soon perfect in, but the thought of standing by the side of this great mistress of her art hung over me in *terrorem*. After several rehearsals, the dreaded day of her arrival came, and I was ordered by my father to go to the Queen’s Head Hotel to rehearse my scenes with her. The impression the first sight of her made on me recalled the page’s description of the effect on him of Jane de Montfort’s appearance in Joanna Baillie’s tragedy of “De Montfort.” It was:—

So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrank at first in awe; but when she smiled,
For so she did to see me thus abashed,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.

The words might have been written for this interview, for my nervousness must have been apparent to her on my introduction, and in her grand, but good-natured manner she received me saying, “I hope, Mr. Macready, you have brought some hartshorn and water with you, as I am told you are terribly frightened at me,” and she made some remarks about my being a very young husband. Her daughter, Miss Cecilia Siddons, went

smiling out of the room, and left us to the business of the morning. Her instructions were vividly impressed on my memory, and I took my leave with fear and trembling to steady my nerves for the coming night. The audience was as usual encouraging, and my first scene passed with applause; but in the next—my first with Mrs. Beverley—my fear overcame me to that degree that for a minute my presence of mind forsook me, my memory seemed to have gone, and I stood bewildered. She kindly whispered the word to me (which I never could take from the prompter), and the scene proceeded. On that evening I was engaged to a ball, “where all the beauties” not of Verona, but of Newcastle, were to meet. Mrs. Siddons, after the play, sent to me to say, when I was dressed, she would be glad to see me in her room. On going in, she “wished,” she said, “to give me a few words of advice before taking leave of me.” “You are in the right way,” she said, “but remember what I say: study, study, study, and do not marry until you are thirty. I remember what it was to be obliged to study at your age with a young family about me. Beware of that. Keep your mind on your art, do not remit your study, and you are certain to succeed. I know you are expected at a ball to-night, so I will not detain you; but do not forget my words. Study well, and God bless you.” Her words lived with me, and often, in moments of despondency, have come to cheer me. Her acting was a revelation which ever had its influence on me in the study of my art. Ease, grace, untiring energy through all the variations of human passion, blended into that grand and massive style. On first witnessing her wonderful impersonations, I may say with the poet—

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken.

An irritating occurrence happened to Macready in Newcastle on the occasion of his benefit in 1813, when he was announced to play the part of Marc Antony. It is thus described by himself:—

The partiality that was invariably manifested towards me in Newcastle, where I was to my latest appearance spoken of as William Macready, or Mr. William, never failed to display itself on the occasion of my “benefit nights.” Every place in the boxes had been taken some days before, and from the demand for tickets, an overflowing house was, as usual, looked for. But on the morning of the day, the box-keeper, with a very rueful countenance, came up to our lodgings, some distance from the theatre, to inform my father that in the night there had been affixed on the box entrance door a paper with doggerel rhymes to the effect that I had “shamefully misused and even kicked” a Miss Sullivan, a very pretty girl, an actress in the theatre, who was that night to perform Cleopatra. Although it was not an infrequent practice of country actresses to endeavour to advance their interests by representing themselves as ill-used by the manager, and creating a party feeling against him, I think Miss Sullivan was perfectly innocent of any participation in this attempt to damage me in public opinion. My attentions at that time were addressed more pointedly to another frequenter of the green-room than to her, and this could have been the only ground of dissatisfaction, if any existed, for the “manager’s son” was of no little consideration in the limits of a green-room circle. The paper had attracted crowds before it had been removed, and the excitement was as great in the town as if the theatre had been blown up, but the general feeling was one of indignation at the calumny and the dastardly means adopted to circulate it. When informed of it, I determined not to hold conversation of any kind nor to exchange one word with Miss Sullivan until I appeared with her on the stage at night. Friends, and persons not known before, thronged to the box office in the morning to express their abhorrence of this infamous libel, and many stopped me in the street to testify the friendly sentiment towards me that pervaded the town on the subject. So monstrous an accusation, and its base intention, naturally agitated me; but, in the consciousness of freedom

from all violation of gentlemanlike deportment toward the actresses, my mind was clear and resolved on the course to pursue. The night came; "every hole and corner," to use the common phrase, was filled long before the curtain rose. Upon my entrance with Cleopatra (Miss Sulivan) in my hand, the applause and shouting were deafening. When silence was obtained, I went forward, and, addressing the audience, observed that, indebted to them as I was for many proofs of their favour, I was more obliged to them for the confidence in me they showed that night than for all their previous indulgence; and, alluding to "the paper," I stated that I had designedly not spoken to Miss Sulivan since I had heard of it, but that I would now request her to answer before them some questions. "Have I ever been guilty of any injustice of any kind to you since you have been in the theatre?" Her answer, "No, sir," was received with shouts. "Have I ever behaved to you in an ungentlemanlike manner?" "No, sir." Loud shouts repeated. "It is unnecessary to ask, but to satisfy the writer of the anonymous libel, have I ever kicked you?" Her answer of "Oh, no, sir," was given amid the hearty acclamations and laughter of the excited crowds of box, pit, and gallery; and the play proceeded, but with little effect, for Antony, the voluptuary and doting spoiled child of fortune, was not within the compass of a tyro, as I then was. This was the first attempt I had to encounter of this sort of stabbing in the dark. I lament to add I became more familiarised to it as my experience extended. The object of my assailant was nothing less than my ruin. In one instance my life was aimed at, but that was not in England.

The 16th of December, 1814, was rendered memorable to Macready by a fearful storm and accident that happened on that day. The Macready family—father, son, and two daughters—occupied a suite of rooms on the first floor of a house in Pilgrim Street, next door to the Queen's Head Hotel, now the Liberal Club. What happened is thus described by the great tragedian:—

One afternoon—it was a Saturday—my elder sister had retired to her bedroom to lie down for relief from a distracting headache. My father and self were seated after dinner at table, writing letters. The streets were empty, for a storm such as I have rarely seen was tearing through them with hurricane violence. With a bright fire in the grate and a decanter of port wine before us, we might well have supposed ourselves secure from any inconveniences of tempest, though the pavement was actually flooded with the torrents pouring down, and tiles and slates were hurled through the air by the fury of the gale. A twofold evidence was this day given of our lives' uncertainty. A tremendous crash that shook the whole house as if it were tumbling in ruin, startled us from our seats; the room was instantly filled with dust and smoke, out of which we lost no time in escaping. I rushed into my sister's room, and, lifting her from her bed, hurried her downstairs into the hall passage, where all the inmates of the house, servants, &c., pale and out of breath, were assembled in fearful consternation. Hurried questions were passed: "What is it?" "Are we safe?" "The roof has given way!" "Are all here?" At once the mistress of the house shrieked out "My bairns! my bairns!" and darted with me up the stairs to the room above, that in which my father and I had been sitting. We flung open the door; the chimney had fallen in, breaking down the roof, crushing into the room below one whole side of the flooring of the attic, and dividing the room into two triangular spaces; in the one nearest the door was a large old mahogany table with two flaps reaching nearly to the ground. Beneath the table, in the midst of all the wreck and rubbish, were the two children. The innocent little creatures, ignorant of the danger they had escaped, were playing together. Their mother seized one and I the other, and with hearts full we carried them down to the lower storey. I can never forget the emotion of that poor mother. Some friendly neighbours accom-

modated our unhoused hosts for the night, and we took refuge in the hotel next door until we could find a home in more private apartments.

The elder Macready appears to have been a gentleman of somewhat wayward spirit, if we may judge from an adventure at Berwick in 1814 which his son records:—

I went to Berwick, where, to my dismay, I found the theatre in the inn yard and up a very long flight of steps. The upper part of an old malt-house had been converted into the temple of the drama, and, saving the awkwardness of the approach, had been fashioned into a very respectable one. Here I acted some of my principal characters to very good audiences, and ended the season with very satisfactory results. It was in this season that a general illumination had been ordered for the triumph of the allies over Napoleon. To my surprise, my father gave directions for a performance on that evening. It was in vain that I reasoned with him, stating my conviction that there would not be one person present. He was pertinacious in his resolution, but I could not believe he would persist until I saw the play bills advertising "Laugh when You Can" (the title a satire on the proceeding) and "The Poor Soldier." My father took the part of Gossamer. The players could hardly be persuaded that he was in earnest; but the night arrived, and they were obliged to dress for their parts. At seven o'clock the prompter went to my father's dressing-room, knocked, and inquired, "Sir, shall I ring in the music? There is no one in the house." "Certainly, sir, ring in the music," was his answer. The music was rung, the musicians went into the orchestra, and began to play. I went into my father's room and informed him that there were two boys in the gallery and one man in the pit, and I would go into the boxes that there might be an appearance in all. Accordingly, I took my place in the centre box, and, with difficulty preserving a demure countenance, saw my father very gravely, and indeed sternly, begin the part of the laughter-loving Gossamer, indignant with the performers, who had difficulty in restraining their disposition to make a joke of the whole affair. A scene or two was quite sufficient, and I left the remaining three-quarters of the audience to their amusement, preferring a walk round the walls of "our good town" on a lovely summer evening, until the inhabitants should begin to light up. About nine o'clock I thought I would look in again to see whether the farce was really going on. The play had just concluded, and the pit audience went out. The two boys remained in the gallery, evidently tired out with the dulness of their evening. But when the musicians reappeared in the orchestra, and began the overture of the after piece, it seemed as if their power of endurance was exhausted, and, leaning over the gallery balustrade, one of them, with a violent gesture of his own, called out, "Oh! dang it, give over," and both walked out, leaving the players to undress themselves, and go out in their own clothes to see the illuminations.

A few further fragmentary passages from Macready's journal, written long after his early triumphs on the stage, introduce us to some of the people with whom he was on familiar terms in Newcastle and the neighbourhood:—

Tynemouth, March 28, 1841.—Intended to post from Northallerton to South Shields, and cross the ferry to Tynemouth, but stopped and turned the post-boy, and made him go to Newcastle, from thence to take the railway. Was half an hour before the train started; lunched, and wrote a note for Miss Martineau.* Saw Hedley Vicars, who called, and received a note from him. Went by railway to North Shields. Walked to Tynemouth, and inquired at the post office for Miss Martineau's address; called on her, sending up my note. She was

* See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, p. 414.

very glad to see me. We talked over many things and persons. She is a heroine, or, to speak more truly, her fine sense and her lofty principles, with the sincerest religion, give her a fortitude that is noble to the best height of heroism.

Newcastle, March 29.—Mr. Ternan called, and I walked with him to the theatre, where I rehearsed "Macbeth," rehearsed it well, so well that I felt myself not quite *hors de la tragedie*. I feared I should not act it so well. Acted Macbeth with all the spirit I could press into it. Considering my *rust*, not having acted it since 1839. I did not make so bad an effort. Was called for, and very cordially greeted.

March 30.—Peregrine Ellison called twice upon me, and walked with me up to Hedley Vicars, showing me the New Exchange Room by the way. He was most kind. There is, however, a melancholy at my heart, which often rises to my eyes, in thinking of and feeling these marks of kindness and respect, these tributes to the feelings of younger and blither days, which I receive from the remaining individuals of families that once took a friendly interest in me.

March 31.—Peregrine Ellison called, and walked with me over the new streets, pointing out to me the old map by sundry relics, such as the school where Lord Eldon was brought up, the Forth, Waldie's house, &c. The Market, the Philosophical Institution—open to everybody—(bravissimo!)—and the general appearance interested and pleased me very much; but I was sorry, too, to see the old streets, which used to look so handsome and lively, neglected, squalid, and forsaken.

Another reminiscence of Macready's connection with Newcastle may be quoted from a series of papers which Mr. Alfred Davis, son of the late Mr. E. D. Davis, lessee of the Theatre Royal, contributed to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* a few months ago. The theatre was to open for the winter season of 1850, when Mr. Macready was announced to appear for a short engagement. Mr. Davis's recollections of the great actor are humorously set down in the following passage:—

I had never met this gentleman, but had been duly cautioned against him as being haughty, supercilious, tyrannical, and overbearing to a terrible degree. "All right," said I; "I'm on my guard." I had to play Laertes to his Hamlet, and of course we did not meet till the fifth act. In the fencing scene Mr. Macready of course told me what passes he wished to have made. "In the first bout," said he, "you will please do so-and-so." I bowed, and did so-and-so. "In the second encounter, kindly make such-and-such passes." I bowed, and made such-and-such. "For the third sally, you will be good enough to," &c., &c. I bowed, and duly etceterae. "Suppose we try the three encounters again?" I bowed, and agained. After the rehearsal—"Will you kindly try the encounters once more?" I bowed, and once more—not having spoken a word. He looked at me rather inquiringly, said "thank you," and we parted.

At night, just before the fifth act, a valet addressed me, "Mr. Macready will feel obliged if you will come to his dressing-room." Of course I went. "Will you oblige me by once more running through the three encounters?" I bowed, took a foil from the valet, and went seriatim through the business. "Thank you—quite right!" Bow; door opened by valet; exit.

Play over, Mr. Macready said, "I am much obliged to you, sir, for your very careful attention." I bowed, and went to my room. After the play, my father took Macready the night's returns. "The gentleman who played Laertes—your son, is he not?" "Yes, Mr. Macready." "Er—he has some talent—I think—but—er—is he not—er—rather conceited?"

However, when I got to the theatre next day, Mr. Macready spotted me at the wings, and, beckoning me to him, shook hands very cordially with me, inquired why I had taken to such an unsatisfactory profession as the stage, evinced great interest in my future, gave me

good readings of what I was going to play, and, making himself as thoroughly pleasant as he well knew how, bound me to him once and for always as a devoted admirer and disciple.

I have seen him very hard and stern with others, but only in self-defence. He was never aggressive, as far as my experience goes, and I met him very often afterwards. His face was naturally of a stern cast, with a hard grey eye, but such an eye! As he talked with me, I have seen it gradually darken to black, and as he warmed it seemed to blaze; while his mouth was capable of such a rare smile, that I used to think it would be a very stony-hearted female who could resist him should he think it worth his while to plead. Undoubtedly a great actor. In Lear, Wolsey, Iago, Richelieu, and many other parts I deem him unapproached—or unapproachable.

Memorials of Otterburn.

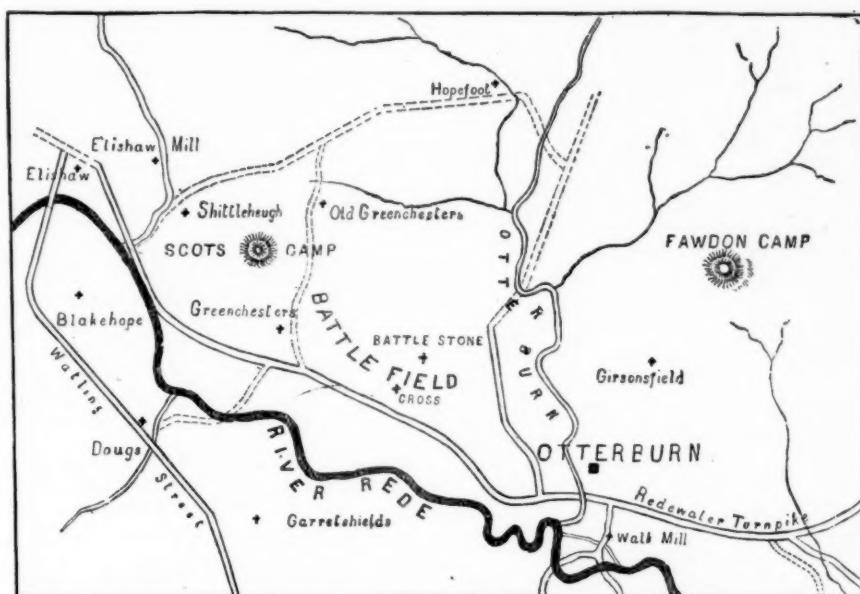


HERE appears to be as much doubt concerning the exact position of the Battle-field, at Otterburn, as there is with respect to the date and details of the fight. Froissart has assured us—on the authority of men belonging to the victorious party—that the struggle occurred between Newcastle and the banks of the Otter, and that the rear of the Scottish force was defended by a tract of marshland. This view is sustained by other authorities, as well as by the marking in Speed's map of Northumberland. It is therein clearly indicated that the Battle of Otterburn was fought on the east side of the stream, in the Davyshiel district, and at only a short distance from the ancient trackway from Newcastle, through Elsdon, into Scotland. If it was so fought, and the retreat extended as far as is generally supposed, it would be fair to assume that the camp occupied by the Scots was at Fawdon, and that the thousand skulls subsequently unearthed at Elsdon may have belonged to the victims of the carnage. As to the site, at least, such was the opinion of Mr. Robert Ellis, a Newcastle solicitor, who, after changing his residence to Gisbornefield, had many opportunities for weighing the whole of the probabilities. In a letter to Walter Scott, dated 1812, he gave many reasons for the faith that possessed him, and, after a personal inspection by the author of "Rokeby," his views were unhesitatingly accepted.

But, though the evidence in favour of Fawdon seems fairly strong, it was not sufficiently so to satisfy Mr. Robert White. He was long a resident in the locality, knew every foot of the ground, and enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Ellis. Though in accord on all other subjects, the two gentlemen disagreed about the battle. In some respects, indeed, Mr. White was rather too dogmatic, for he not only asserted that the fray began in the camp of the Scots, at Greenchesters, but that the main struggle took place and terminated at Townhead. His arguments are far from conclusive on either

point—being largely based on conjecture. If, however, we glance at the present state of the ground, as he has done, and ignore the changes that 500 years have wrought, there can be little doubt that the westerly site could be more easily defended than its neighbour on the other side of the burn. This is an ad-

The "Battle Stone," as shown in our sketch, was nothing more than a roughly carved boulder that stood—or rather lay in an oblique direction—in a socket considerably too large for it. Whether this block, indicated on Armstrong's map in 1769, was the successor of some previous erection, it is impossible to say with



vantage which the Scots were not likely to overlook. They had much booty to protect, a dashing foe to engage, and they were certain to pitch on the stronghold which best supplied the double requirements of a shelter and an outlook. The camp, of course, was ready to their hands. Like many others in the locality, it had done duty in British or Saxon days; and as it was found by the Scots, or as we see it now, we have an earthwork that was well calculated to answer the purpose for which it was originally designed. It not only stands at the end of a promontory, but commands a good stretch of country to the south-east—the direction whence the approach of Douglas's foe might reasonably be expected. A weakness to the north was guarded against by an additional line of entrenchments; while the entrance was further strengthened by a bulwark of stakes and brushwood. To the south-west, however, there was a natural barrier formed by a dense growth of birch, cedar, hazel, and other trees.

But, in addition to the situation and character of the camp, Mr. White is helped to a judgment by the position of certain memorial stones. When the first of them was erected it would be difficult to say; but that one was standing in the early part of last century is undoubted.

certainty; but all the probabilities seem to point to such a conclusion. In 1777, however, the Battle Stone was removed. A new turnpike was then in course of construction by the banks of the river Rede, and Mr. Henry Ellison, the owner of the property, was anxious that the



Otterburn trophy should be reared in a more conspicuous place. He accordingly took down the old memento, and decided that a new one should stand 180 yards nearer



BATTLE STONE REMOVED IN 1777.

the highway. Though the idea was commendable enough, it was carried out with a somewhat niggard hand. At the top of a circular mound of rough masonry, five feet in height, was placed the ancient socket, and springing from this, in two pieces, was a tapering shaft of something like 9½ feet in height. About this "cross," as about so many other phases of the Otterburn Battle, there is doubt and uncertainty. If you turn to Hodgson's history, you will find that the shaft of this new trophy was got from Davyshiel Crags, and that the parish clerk of Whelpington was one of

the men who helped to put it up. But if Mr. Robert White is to be credited on the point, the lower part of the upright on "Percy's Cross" is composed of an old architrave, that has, at some time, been removed from the kitchen fireplace at Otterburn Hall. How it got into its present position nobody knows. When, however, the circumstance was brought to the attention



Battle Stone, Otterburn.

of Mr. Hodgson, he made a suggestion that may not unlikely be near the truth—namely, that the parish clerk must have been mistaken about the use to which the Davyshiel stone was put; or else that some later occupant of the hall must have appropriated



the new column for his cooking apparatus, and replaced it by a discarded piece of stonework from above the kitchen grate. Let us hope, at all events, that the exchange was made before the Davyshiel stone was reared on the battlefield, because, on any other supposition, the transaction might almost be compared to the desecration of a graveyard.

Though the present village of Otterburn bears no resemblance to the hamlet that occupied its site in 1388—the supposed date of the battle—our sketch of the locality can hardly fail to be of general interest. In the scene, near the bridge, we have a view that is at once a tribute to the ability of the artist as well as to the picturesque beauty of a Border landscape. The place now abounds with comfort, happiness, and prosperity. In the olden time, it was occupied by hovels, in which there were neither glass for the windows, grates for the fires, nor chimneys for the smoke. There was no “inside gear” to speak of—such, for example, as beds or furniture—as all the wealth of the settlers was in cattle that could be easily driven away on the first sign of the raiders. This is very clearly shown in the “last will and testament” of Clement Reyde, made in 1582; for, although his stock comprised no fewer than 24 “oxson, ky, stotys, and young novt’s,” his household gods were valued at only ten shillings.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The Duddon Valley.

THE river Duddon runs southward on the boundary between Cumberland and Lancashire to the Irish Sea. Rising in the mountain known as Wrynose, situate on the edge of the group of Scawfell heights, it flows some dozen miles as a beck or stream; but at Broughton it expands into an estuary some nine miles in length and about a couple of miles wide, though only covered with water at high tide. The scenery of the valley of the Duddon is highly picturesque. Around the head waters the vale is bare and wild; at Cockley Beck the landscape is harsh and craggy; but soon we reach the pastoral glen where the stream's course is flanked by meadow, and occasionally narrowed by bulwarks of natural rock. Near the hamlet of Seathwaite (where a century ago dwelt in patriarchal simplicity the Rev. Robert Walker, the “Wonderful Walker,” whose character has been described in immortal lines by

Wordsworth), the Duddon is joined by the stream that flows from Seathwaite Tarn. In this locality the finest scenery of the Duddon is to be seen. One of the most striking combinations of river, rock, and mountain is near the gorge through which the Duddon makes its way into Dunnerdale, as the lower part of the vale is called. Here is Wordsworth's description of the scene:—

From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play
Upon its loftiest crags mine eyes behold
A gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and cold;
A concave free from shrubs and mosses gray;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
Some statue, placed amid these regions old
For tutelary service, thence had rolled
Startling the flight of timid yesterday.

Our drawing (reproduced from a sketch by Mr. Arthur Tucker) shows the upper portion of the Duddon Valley.

Plague and Cholera in the North.

II.

THE first intimation in the *Newcastle Chronicle* of the return of cholera after its disappearance in 1832 was under date of 26th January, 1849, when a statement appeared to the effect that in Newcastle up to that time there had been 19 deaths since the beginning of the year. In August Barnard Castle was stricken, and during the prevalence of the disease 146 persons died. In North Shields the deaths numbered 137 in a single week—altogether that year the two towns at the mouth of the Tyne lost 1,174 persons by cholera. Sunderland lost 435; Newcastle, 414; Durham, 232; Alnwick, 142; Hartlepool, 161. The total for the county of Durham was 2,022, and for Northumberland 1,680. Gateshead appears to have suffered, but not



VALLEY OF THE DUDDON.

so severely as on the first visit. The story of its sufferings as told in Mr. Clephan's pamphlet, previously quoted, is both affecting and instructive:—

On Thursday, the 4th of January, 1849, a tramp, said to be from Edinburgh, arrived at Gateshead, and tarried at Williams's lodging-house, Pipewellgate, then containing 24 beds, with two persons to each bed. The stranger manifested symptoms of diarrhoea, and Williams himself was subsequently attacked. Both died on the 8th. On the morning of the 9th, when Dr. Barkus, then medical officer, called at the lodging-house at five o'clock, he found the two men dead. A third person was ill in the house, but the fact was not named to the doctor; and by eight o'clock the same morning there was a third death. Dr. Barkus's recollection of the matter is, that the stranger was his first patient, though Williams was the first who died. The disease spread rapidly in Pipewellgate. The number of deaths was 18 by the 25th of the month, up to which day there had been no cholera mortality in any other part of Gateshead. Deaths then began to occur elsewhere; and, with longer or shorter intervals, the mortality continued until nearly the end of the year. It was not until August that the rural district of Gateshead was visited by the epidemic. Its first victim in Wrekenton was Edward Ains, aged 15, the son of a piper, who died on the 11th of that month. The total number of deaths in the year, in all Gateshead, from cholera and diarrhoea, was 180, the mortality closing, as it had begun, in Pipewellgate. The village of Wrekenton, lying on both sides of the boundary line between Gateshead and Lamesley, and its neighbour, Eighton Bank, were well nigh decimated. The epidemic of 1849 was mainly fed by Pipewellgate, the Union Workhouse, and Wrekenton—these three contributing two-thirds of the mortality. The southern or rural district of Gateshead, wherein lie the Fell and Wrekenton, was principally unenclosed until the present century, sprinkled over with thatched cottages, studded with pit and quarry heaps, and a common receptacle for all kinds of vagrants.

The range of houses where the cholera was most fatal is not more than a quarter of a mile in length. In the 158 houses occurred 110 deaths. The Lunatic Asylum, wherein 20 men and women died, was closely beset on either side by crowded and infected lodging-houses; and the keeper and his son-in-law were of the number that perished. The settled inhabitants of the Fell quarter rose up at last, in a body, and drove the tinkers and other vagrants out of the village. Wilkinson, a pitman, who lived in a clean cottage surrounded by Irish tinkers, was over-powered every morning by the stench which issued from his neighbours' hovels on the opening of the doors. James and Robert Wilkinson, father and son, both died. The total number of fatal cases in 1849 for Gateshead district was 186.

When in 1853 cholera suddenly reappeared in Newcastle, the town was very ill-prepared to undergo the ordeal of attack from such an enemy. The drainage was, to put it very mildly, in a most imperfect state; the dead were interred in old and over-crowded graveyards situated in the midst of the most densely-populated neighbourhoods; much of the recently-built new property, as well as the large majority of houses in ancient parts of the borough was lamentably deficient in the necessary appliances for securing cleanliness and public decency; and, worse than all, for two months the Whittle Dene Water Company had been pumping the daily supply of what should have been *aqua pura* from the sewage-con-

taminated Tyne at Elswick. It is not surprising that Newcastle was scourged with pestilence as never within living memory has any town in Britain been scourged.

During the summer months of 1853, it was well known that cholera of a bad type was raging in Poland and Northern Germany, and the Central Board of Health in London had directed its attention specially to the nature and treatment of the disease and to its progress towards these islands. But whilst the authorities were taking note of its ravages upon the Continent, the malignant blight suddenly swept across the narrow seas and swooped down upon Tyneside. During the last days of the month of August, it was whispered about that a seaman had died of cholera on board one of the foreign vessels moored in the river near Dent's Hole, and that isolated cases had immediately afterwards broken out on shore. But before these alarming rumours received official confirmation all doubts upon the subject were resolved by the outbreak of the disease in Newcastle itself.

On the 31st of August, the first cases of the visitation occurred within the borough, the locality being Forth Street, in which a virulent case ran its course rapidly and ended in death that day. The succeeding day four persons were attacked, and one died, and there was another death on the 2nd of September, all the three occurring in the same neighbourhood. At first the disease seemed to progress with halting and uncertain steps. The seizures were not numerous, and the deaths up to the 8th of September did not exceed seven per diem. That number was reported on September 6th, and two days afterwards the fatal seizures recorded had fallen to five. But on Friday, September 9th, the fire that had only been smouldering all at once leaped into a flame. Few who lived in Newcastle at the time can possibly forget that "cholera fortnight," and its many trials and horrors. On the 9th the deaths from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea suddenly increased from 5 to 21, and about that number of victims were stricken each day until the 12th of the month, when, the disease having got a firm footing in the western end of the town, the deaths during the twenty-four hours rose to 31. In the early part of the week commencing Sunday, September 11, an appalling change of the weather took place. A plague of darkness and a plague of flies descended upon the town. The summer had previously been dry, bright, and warm; but now grey clouds hung low in the sky, day after day; not a breath of wind was stirring; a thin haze lay upon the ground during the day time, and in the evenings thickened into a dank fog, which clung heavily about the river and all the low-lying parts of the town. And then as to the flies. It was afterwards proven to the satisfaction of all the survivors worth convincing that the little pests were only the common harvest fly of the country, developed in abnormal numbers and into abnormal activity by the dryness of the season. On the other hand, it is certain that they came with the epidemic, and that they disappeared when its

virulence began to abate. For about a fortnight they hung about the town in countless millions—small fluttering insects that did not bite, but that literally filled the air.

Coincidently with the deepening gloom of the atmosphere and the increase of the plague of flies, the cholera spread and waxed more deadly every day. The proportion of deaths to the numbers seized with the disease was at first something appalling. The cholera fiend had a horrible habit of sweeping off whole families. It was as if the demon stood for a time at the entrances of the filthy alleys of the town, and fatally smote all that passed him, or broke into the fetid dens where the poor herded together, and tore all to pieces within the four walls. In one house at Arthur's Hill, father, mother, five children, and grandmother were all slain within the space of a few days; out of thirteen houses in Mackford's Entry there were eight deaths; in Rosemary Lane one person in every twelve of the inhabitants perished; of the 70 people living in Clogger's Entry, the cholera slaughtered 10. But the most plague-stricken spot in Newcastle was Monk Square, behind Low Friar Street. Here an ancient water-course had been stopped up in making the drains, and the obstructed stream, having overflowed amongst the surrounding soil, had mixed with the refuse and garbage lying about and created abominations unspeakable. The cholera demon struck right and left in this congenial spot, and brought down a proportion of rather more than one in every six of its wretched inhabitants; out of 119 human beings resident in Monk Square, 20 died. Three cottages at the head of Tuthill Stairs were inhabited by six people, of whom four were stricken to death. From the spot in Forth Street where it was first developed the epidemic spread westward and northward, searching Blandford Street, Churchill Street, Blenheim Street, the Westgate, Villa Place, Arthur's Hill, and then quickly moved eastward to Sandgate, Pandon, the Wall Knoll, the New Road, and the Ouseburn, in all of which localities it was very fatal. One of the extraordinary features of the visitation was the course of the disease at the Barracks, where a squadron of cavalry and the dépôt of the 6th Regiment were in garrison, numbering in all 591 men. The cases of diarrhoea amongst this force were no fewer than 451, but not a single death from cholera resulted.

The Board of Health sent down two of its inspectors, Dr. Grainger and Dr. Gavin, as early as the 9th September, and in three or four days the whole machinery devised by the Board of Guardians, of extra dispensaries, and medical officers, and house to house visitation, was in working order. Then it dawned upon somebody that the poor wanted something else at such a time besides medicine, and £600 was raised in a few hours, and gratuitous distributions were made of beef and tea and rice and blankets, and other such comforts as the sick indigent might need. Free medicine and free brandy were to be had in every quarter of the town by those requiring them, and the amount of aromatic chalk, calomel, and alcohol that were

swallowed by people not suffering from any disease whatever no doubt laid firm the foundations for extended general practice for the profession long after the epidemic ceased. But in the meantime the pestilence continued to increase both in the numbers attacked and in the number of deaths.

On the 13th of September, 27 deaths were registered, but on the 14th the mortality more than doubled, 59 being returned as victims of the disease, whilst on the day following the official return showed another frightful increase, 101 persons being reported as dead within the twenty-four hours. Considering that the population of the borough was at the time no more than 90,000, and that the number of persons seized with cholera might be reckoned at about three times the number of deaths, it was plain that a very short period of such severity would suffice to lay prostrate the entire population of the town. Each day the returns were scanned with overwhelming anxiety, but still the increase continued. Business came almost to a standstill, for no one came to the markets that could avoid it. Labouring men found their occupations gone, and, with no wages earning, distress soon began to show itself among the poorer sort. So long as it was possible, decency was observed in the interment of the victims of the disease; but when the mortality rose from fifty to one hundred per day, ordinary arrangements altogether broke down, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the horrible scenes of days gone by could be avoided.

Before the epidemic reached its height, a great outcry arose against burying the victims of cholera in the reeking graveyards in the centre of the town, and afterwards the great mass of the slain were interred in Jesmond Cemetery, and in the burial grounds of St. Ann's, New Road, and St. Paul's, Westgate Hill. The scenes enacted day after day for about a week, at all three places, may be imagined. We will only mention that at Jesmond, particularly, "confusion and disorder" were terms which mildly described the state of things prevailing. The sad processions trooping to the place found too often that no grave had been dug to receive the mortal remains of the friend or relative struck down by the fell disease, and sorrowing mourners had themselves to set to work with pick and shovel and dig the grave. Then funerals, each with its band of weeping and often excited followers, would accumulate within the gates towards the close of the afternoon until two or three coffins were put into one shallow grave, and upon one disgraceful occasion the bodies were piled up in the hole until they reached the level of the ground.

The difficulties of the case were aggravated by the trouble experienced in procuring the means of decent interment. Funeral furnishers, under-bearers, and coffin-makers were struck down in the first days of the epidemic, and it was well nigh impossible to supply their places. Previously to this cholera visitation the mourners at funerals used to be wrapped up in hideous black cloaks

which descended almost to the feet, and only the pall-bearers and the bidders wore scarves; but whilst the epidemic was raging an impression got abroad that the cloaks carried the cholera infection about with them, and they were laid aside never more to be resumed at Northern funeral ceremonies. In the absence of the regular service of under-bearers the relatives of the deceased had to carry their own friends to the suburban cemeteries, and in very many cases they had even to make the coffins.

For six days the cholera in Newcastle remained in high crisis—namely, from Thursday, Sept. 15, to Tuesday, Sept. 20. On the first-named date the deaths were 101; Sept. 16, 105; Sept. 17, 110; Sept. 18, 100; Sept. 19, 100; and on Sept. 20, 118 deaths were recorded, being the highest number returned in one day during the prevalence of the epidemic. But on Sept. 21 there was a great drop in the returns to 84; there was a further decrease to 60 deaths on Sept. 22; and the steady and rapid decadence of the epidemic continued until the second week of October, when the daily mortality from this cause began to be reckoned by units. The first day since the outbreak upon which no death from cholera occurred in Newcastle was Oct. 25, and, although there were a few deaths occurring at short intervals afterwards, that date has been accepted as marking the close of the visitation of the epidemic. The total number of deaths recorded from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea from the outbreak of the pestilence on Aug. 31 to its close on Oct. 24, was 1,522.

The pestilence visited Gateshead the same day as Newcastle, August 31. It hung about, as it were, in a lingering form for nine or ten days, when it broke out with awful fury, and committed frightful ravages amongst the poorer part of the population. The greatest number of deaths was on Sept. 15, when 39 persons succumbed. The epidemic extended over 73 days, during which period the deaths from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea numbered 433.

Mary of Buttermere.

NE evening, in the summer of 1802, a handsome, well appointed travelling carriage drove up to the door of the Royal Oak, the principal inn in Keswick. No little interest and excitement were felt in the little town when it became known that the dashing-looking gentleman who descended from the equipage had announced his intention to take up his residence in the hotel, as he wished to examine at his leisure the picturesque scenery of the surrounding neighbourhood. The stranger was not only well dressed, but spent his money freely—lived like a gentleman, and gave himself out to be the Hon. Augustus Hope, member for Linlithgow and brother to the Earl of Hopetoun. As this name was engraved on the stranger's visiting

cards, and he received letters addressed to him by the same designation, nobody presumed to question his pretensions; and, as tourists of distinction were *rara aves* in those days, the hospitality of the district was put on its mettle. Boats, boatmen, fishing, and shooting were freely placed at his disposal by the resident gentry, and he was treated everywhere with all the consideration and respect due to a man of acknowledged birth and position. Some very critical persons did suggest that he was coarse and vulgar, but the majority were perfectly satisfied, and admired all that the *soi-disant* son of an earl said or did, any suspicion that still lingered being allayed by the fact that he constantly "franked" letters in the name and character of a member of Parliament. Now, to forge a frank was then a capital offence, as it was not only a forgery, but a forgery on the Post Office; and it was considered quite a certainty that no impostor would openly court the speedy prosecution sure to follow the discovery of such a serious offence.

Nine miles from Keswick lies the Lake of Buttermere. The margin is overhung by some of the loftiest and steepest of the Cumbrian mountains, which exclude the rays of the sun during the greater part of the day. In consequence of the want of light, the waters are dark and sullen, and the gloomy valley is characterised by a wild, weird scenery peculiarly its own. Almost unknown and unvisited, the only signs of human habitation in 1802 were to be found in a cluster of cottages which stood on the verge of some fields at the foot of the lake. The principal house in this little hamlet belonged to a small proprietor (in local parlance termed a statesman) named Robinson, who, possibly more for the sake of a little society than with a view to pecuniary profit, offered the accommodation of an inn to the few travellers who passed by the lonely lake. Rare, indeed, was it for a stranger to visit this sequestered valley. Hither, however, in an evil hour, attracted by the char fishing—a sport which can only be enjoyed in the deep waters of Windermere, Crummock, and Buttermere—came the very smart gentleman from Keswick. He took up his abode in the little inn, but though char fishing might be his object at first, it was speedily forgotten for something more deeply interesting.

Mary Robinson, a fine young woman of eighteen, acted as waitress on the few wayfarers that came to her father's house. The Honourable Augustus was struck with her beauty. He had unlimited facilities for winning her affections, and the inexperienced shepherd girl, bred in one of the sternest solitudes England has to show, ignorant of the world and thinking no evil, was, in a few weeks, induced to become the wife of the fascinating fisherman. No doubt as to his being the man of honour and gentleman he professed to be ever entered the minds of either Mary or her parents, and the wedding was duly celebrated in the parish church of Lorton to the great satisfaction of

the bride's father and mother, who proudly rejoiced in their daughter's good fortune in securing a real gentleman for a husband. A romantic account of the marriage appeared in a local newspaper, which accidentally fell under the notice of some individuals in Scotland who knew that the Colonel Augustus Hope, who was reported to have married the Beauty of Buttermere, had been abroad for more than a year, and was then resident at Vienna. Suspicions were aroused, inquiries made, the bubble burst, and, in a few weeks, officers of justice appeared, arrested Hope, to the great astonishment of the mountaineers, and bore him away to Carlisle, where he was committed for trial at the next assizes on a charge of forgery and bigamy.

In prison, Hope—whose real name was Hatfield—conducted himself with great propriety, affecting to consider himself an injured individual, and representing that, in the alliance with Mary Robinson, he had been more sinned against than sinning. Mary, on the contrary, though deeply distressed, with true womanly delicacy, refused to become accessory to the prosecution of the man to whom so recently she had, in all good faith, plighted her troth, and the utmost she could be persuaded to do was to address the following letter to Sir Richard Ford:—"The man whom I had the misfortune to marry, and who has ruined me and my aged parents, always told me he was the Hon. Augustus Hope, the next brother to the Earl of Hopetoun.—Your grateful and unfortunate servant, MARY ROBINSON."

This letter was read at the fourth examination of the impostor, and its simplicity and uncomplaining spirit raised a great amount of sympathy for the sorrows of the poor girl who had been so wantonly betrayed. During the trial many letters were received from sorrowing women whom Hatfield had injured in the same way and by the same impostures he had practised in Cumberland. Mary herself, while searching his luxurious and silver-fitted travelling bag, had found a number of letters addressed to him by his wife and children whom he had deserted and left to starve. The trial lasted a whole day. Abundant evidence of forgery and bigamy was forthcoming, and general satisfaction was felt when the jury found him guilty, and he was condemned to death. The heartlessness of his conduct drew upon him this severe sentence. The Cumberland jurors frankly declared their unwillingness to hang him for having forged a frank, but they were reconciled to the harshness of the verdict by what they heard of his conduct to their young fellow-daleswoman.

It is needless to thoroughly examine the history of this cold-blooded culprit. Suffice it to say, however, that he was a man of low origin, and that his whole life was one long tale of fraud and imposture. Coleridge, who investigated his career, said in looking back on the frightful exposure of human guilt and misery, that a man who could find it possible to enjoy the calm pleasures of a

Lake tourist, when pursued by a litany of anguish from despairing women and famishing children, must have been a fiend of an order which, fortunately, does not often emerge from among men. Probably the strangest thing in all his strange career was the manner in which he met his sentence and death. From the moment the jury found him guilty, he behaved with the utmost calmness and cheerfulness, talking on all the topics of the day with the greatest interest. He could not be brought to speak of his own case, and never either blamed the verdict or admitted his guilt. On the afternoon of his execution he dined heartily, ordered some coffee to be made, drank a cup, then read a chapter from the second book of Corinthians, and marked out some passages in the Bible for the chaplain. When he came in sight of the gibbet, which was erected on an island formed by the river Eden, he exclaimed: "Oh! a happy sight. I see it with pleasure." On taking leave of the gaoler and sheriff, he patiently murmured, "My spirit is willing, but my body is weak," and after carefully assisting the executioner to adjust the rope, he, with unfaltering voice, commended the bystanders to the care of the Almighty, ascended the scaffold with unshaken fortitude, gave the hangman a signal with his handkerchief, and was launched into eternity without a struggle. No Christian martyr could have met death in a happier or more contented state of mind. The only conclusion to be come to after reading an account of his trial and execution is that Hatfield was insane, and that his crime and his calmness were alike the result of his mental and moral infirmity.

But enough of such a gruesome subject. Let us return to the Beauty of Buttermere, who, in the meantime, had become an object of interest and sympathy to all England. Dramas were written on her story, poets sang her praises, and universal commiseration was felt for her sorrows. Wordsworth, in his "Prelude," alludes to—

A story drawn
From our own ground; the Maid of Buttermere,
And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife,
Deserted and deceived, the spoiler came
And woo'd the artless daughter of the hills,
And wedded her in cruel mockery
Of love and marriage bonds.

He also tells us how he and his friend

Beheld her serving at the cottage inn,
Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew,
With admiration of her modest mien,
And carriage marked by unaffected grace.

Indeed, all the Lake poets admired her immensely. She was none of your evanescent, wasp-waisted, sentimental looking beauties. On the contrary, she was tall, and proportionately broad. Contemporary critics assert that her arms were very fine, her figure statuesque, her complexion fair, and her hair abundant. But the disappointment and vexation consequent on her mock marriage soured her temper, and imparted a most unhappy

expression to her countenance. Time, however, soothed her sorrow. After no long interval, she returned to her early home, where the few simple neighbours, who had witnessed her temporary elevation without envy, were ready to show every kindness to one who had undeservedly suffered so much. In time she even came to feel a certain pride in the knowledge that she was the magnet that attracted the shoals of tourists who crowded to the little cabaret (the Fish Inn) which had been the scene of her sad romance. After awhile, other interests arose. An honest farmer from Caldbeck, who loved her for the sorrows she had passed, won her affections, and in real truth made her his lawful wife. Henceforth her life ran on like a placid stream. Free from trouble, and surrounded by comfort, the erstwhile unfortunate beauty not only recovered her sweet temper (at least we hope so), but, on good authority, waxed "fat and well looking," bore her worthy spouse a large family, and lived happy and honoured to a green old age.

M. S. HARDCastle.

Our Parish Registers.

II.

DEARTH AND DEARNESS.

HE year 1587, as Sir Cuthbert Sharp's volume attests, was one of plague and want. The registers of St. Nicholas and St. Oswald, in the city of Durham, place on record the high prices of grain.

St. Nicholas':—1587, "Mem., that in this yeare there was a great derth of corne in the realme of England. In so much that wheate was sold for tenne shillings and sixe pence a bushell, rie at nine shillings and six pence a bushell, pease at seven shillings a bushell." In the summer, before the time of harvest, prices were still higher; and a second entry occurs:—"That the 29th day of July, in the year above written, being Satterday, wheat was at 15s. a bushell, rie at 14s. a bushell, bigge at 8s. a bushell, and haver [oats] at 19s. a loade."

St. Oswald's:—"Thys year, anno 1587, the pryce of corne was as followeth, and ye greatest parts of last yeare before goinge, so yt [that] manye poore people were supposed to die for lacke of bredde, notw' thstandyng greate store in the handes of hard harted carles, yt styl rayzed the p'ce untill harvest; at the wyche tyme ye p'ce of corne begane to fall. The p'ce of rye 13s. 3d. the bushell, wheat at 16s. 4d. the b'shell, haver at 5s. 9d. ye bushell, grotes at 4s. ye pecke, pese at 12s. ye bushell, byg at 6s. ye bushell, halfe malte at 5s. 6d. ye bushell. But the next somer wheate was at 3s. 4d. the bushell, rye and pays at 4s. ye bushell, otes 2s. ye bushell, byg at 3s. 4d. ye bushell." "Byg," which gives its name to one of the

Newcastle markets, was in common use in past centuries, but is so no longer.

STORMS.

Remarkable phases of the weather were not overlooked by the old registrars. There is a "memorandum" in the Healeden register, showing "that in the year of our Lord God, 1607, the snow and frost fell at or about the feast of Allhallows, and contynued for the most p'te till Shrovetide, in so much that the first Wednesday in cleane Lente, being the 17 day of February," (Shrove Tuesday having fallen on the 17th), "was the first fresh morning without frost." Frost and snow from the first of November till past St. Valentine's!

In 1614, there was another bitter storm in February. The Whickham registrar had to record that "Michael Newton p'ished in the snowe" on the 8th, "and Eleanor Wilson also." "Isabel Maud, Hester Maullowes; these two perished in the snowe, on the xth of February, and were not found till nowe" (February 14th).

The month of November, 1703, was marked by one of the fiercest and most protracted storms of wind in our national history, attaining its greatest fury on the 27th. The register of St. Oswald's, Durham, has a note of it:—"Memorandum.—That on ye 27th of November, 1703, was ye greatest hurricane and storm that ever was known in England. Many churches and houses were extreanly shattered, and thousands of trees blown down. Thirteen or more of Her Maj'tyes men-of-war were cast away, and above two thousand seamen perished in them."

Hailstorms also make their mark in parish registers. On the 28th July, 1792, the Belford registrar writes:—"Hailstones, or rather pieces of ice, some of them weighing ten ounces, and filling a beer glass when dissolved, were said to have fallen this day at Newcastle. A few days before, at Trimdon, Durham, hailstones, four inches by three in circumference, fell during a thunder-storm, and destroyed a large field of wheat, broke 200 panes of glass in one house, killed poultry, and knocked down pigeons on the wing."

VOCATIONS.

The parish clerk not unfrequently gives us the vocations of those whom he had met at the font, the altar, and the grave.

At the Cathedral in Durham:—"1611, 4 February, Edward Smith, organist, buried." "1627, 12 April, Robert Grinwell, lutenist, buried." "1764, 26 September, Mr. Robert Doudesley, stationer, London, buried." Apprenticed in his early youth to a stocking weaver, Dodeley disliked sitting in a frame, and went into service in preference. "The Muse in Livery, or the Footman's Miscellany," was his first venture in literature. His next, a play called "The Toy Shop," enabled him, by its favourable reception on the stage and in the press, to begin business as a bookseller. Other plays he also published, and with like success; and his once well-known work,

"The Economy of Human Life," had a long run of popularity. He died in Durham, Sunday, September 23.

"A child of the dancing-master of West Rainton" was interred at Houghton-le-Spring, June 3, 1727; and there was buried, a dozen years later, in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, Newcastle, "Sebaster le Sac," described as of the same profession.

"A boy of the Tinklers of Byers Green" had interment at St. Andrew's Auckland in the year 1609; and at Lanchester, in 1564, "William, the son of an Egyptian," "Simson, Arington, Fetherstone, Fenwicke, and Lancaster, were hanged, being Egyptians, 8 August, 1592," and buried at St. Nicholas', Durham—hanged, apparently, for the sole crime of being Egyptians.

"Margaret, the Washer," was buried at St. Mary-le-Bow, Durham, in 1642; "Brian Pearson, the Abbey dog whipper," in 1722; and in 1725 was baptised "Jane, daughter of Thomas Barret, prizefighter."

Heretofore we have given numerous extracts under general heads. The selections which now remain are of a more miscellaneous nature, and we make no attempt to reduce them to classification.

Berwick register:—Buried, 16 July, 1691, William Cleugh, bewitched to death.

St. Andrew's register, Newcastle:—1695, April 24, were buried, James Archer and his son Stephen, who in the month of May, 1658, were drowned in a coalpit in the Gallaflat, by the breaking in of water from an old waste. The bodys were found intire, after they had lyen in the water 36 years and 11 months.

St. Nicholas' register, Durham:—1568.—Mem., that a certaine Italian brought into the cittie of Durham, the 11th day of June, in the year above sayd, a very great, strange, and monstrous serpent, in length sixteene feete, in quantitie and dimentions greater than a great horse; which was taken and killed by speciall pollicie in Ethiopia, within the Turke's dominions; but before it was killed it had devoured (as it is credibly thought) more than 1,000 p'sons, and destroyed a whole country.

Jarrow register:—John Lucke and his wife, being burnt almost to ashes, buried 8 May, 1723. Philip Carr, buried 9 May, 1723, the above said persons being at his lake wake.

Hesleden register:—The xi daie of Maie at vi of ye cloke in the morninge, being ful water, Mr. Henrie Metford, of Hoolam, died at Newcastle, and was buried the xvi daie, being Sondaie, at eveninge prayer. The hired preacher maid the sermon.—The xvii daie Maye, 1595, at xii of ye cloke at noone, being lowe water, Mrs. Barbarie Metford died, & was buried the xviii daie of May, at ix of the cloke in ye morninge. Mr. Holsworth maid the sermon. (In each of the foregoing records the tide is associated with the death.)

Croft register:—Jane Buttrey, of Darlington, was seet

in the stoke at Crofte, and was whipt out of the towne, 8 day of June, 1672.

The Widdrington Family and Estates.

 HE "ancient and worthy family of the Widdringtons," so designated by local historians, derive their surname from an old tower, replaced in modern times by a fantastic castellated building, which stands on an eminence about a mile from the German Ocean, some nine miles north by east from Morpeth. Various members of the family signalled their valour in the wars against the Scots, while several of them held the office of High Sheriff of Northumberland, and also represented the county in Parliament during the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. They intermarried with some of the foremost families in the land, and flourished in high repute till civil dissension—in which they took the losing side—brought them low.

Sir Henry Widdrington, who was High Sheriff of Northumberland in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and M.P. for the county in the latter reign, was succeeded by his son William, who held the former office in the twelfth year of Charles I., and sat in Parliament in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth years of the same reign, representing Northumberland along with Sir Henry Percy. He and Sir William Carnaby and Sir Patricius Curwen were three of the fifty-one members who voted, in 1641, for saving the life of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford. In August of the following year he was expelled the House for refusing to attend it, and for raising forces in defence of the king. He was present and did good service in most of the battles between the Royalists and Parliamentarians, from that of Worcester, gained by Prince Rupert on the 23rd September, 1642, to that of Marston Moor, where the Prince was signally defeated by Cromwell on the 2nd July, 1644. After this latter engagement, from the blow received in which the Royalists never recovered, Sir William, who had been created Baron Widdrington of Blankney in the preceding November, retired beyond seas with the Marquis of Newcastle and others, and his estate was sequestered by Parliament.

Lord Widdrington returned to Britain along with Prince Charles in the summer of 1650, and accompanied him on his march southward from Edinburgh to Carlisle, where he was proclaimed King of England. On arriving at Wigan, in Lancashire, however, he was left behind with the Earl of Derby, and several other loyal gentlemen, with about two hundred horse. But Lord Derby and his associates were surprised one morning at day-break by a greatly superior force of Parliamentarians,

under Major-General Lilburne, a Puritan officer of merit and distinction, brother of the more famous "Freeborn John"; and, after a gallant display of valour, they were all either slain or taken prisoners. Among the slain was Lord Widdrington, who disdained to take quarter. The Earl of Derby, who fell into the hands of the enemy, was shortly afterwards beheaded at Bolton.

Clarendon tells us that Lord Widdrington "was one of the goodliest persons of that age, being near the head higher than most tall men, and a gentleman of the best



Lord Widdrington.

and most ancient extraction of the county of Northumberland, and of a very fair fortune, and one of the four which the king made choice of to be about the person of his son the prince, as gentlemen of the privy chamber, when he first settled his family."

Lord Widdrington married Mary, the daughter and sole heir of Sir Anthony Thorold, of Blankney, in Lincolnshire, whence he took his baronial title; and by this lady he had a son, William Lord Widdrington, who was one of the Council of State formally entrusted with the executive power by the "Rump

Parliament" previous to its dissolution by General Monk, on the eve of the Restoration, in 1660.

This nobleman was succeeded by his son, William, third and last Lord Widdrington, who by marriage acquired an additional estate of £12,000 per annum, and of whom a portrait, representing him in his twenty-eighth year, copied from a painting now in Stella Hall, is here given. Like most of his relations, and particularly his grandfather, he was a devoted adherent of the exiled house of Stuart. When the first Jacobite rebellion broke out in 1715, he joined the young Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster of Bamborough at Corbridge with thirty horse, which raised their united force to somewhat short of a hundred, afterwards augmented to about thrice the number. With these troops, the three leaders marched up and down Northumberland, as far as the gates of Newcastle, which they found closed against them; thence into Scotland, as far as Kelso; afterwards into North Lancashire, where their career was brought to a close at "proud Preston," as already recorded in the volume for 1890, pp. 1, 49, 97. Lord Widdrington was taken prisoner, as were likewise Lords Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Nairn, Derwentwater, and Kennure, besides many members of the ancient North of England families of Ord, Beaumont, Thornton, Patten, Gascoigne, Standish, Swinburne, and Shafto.

The prisons of Lancaster, Liverpool, Chester, and other towns were forthwith crowded by the inferior class of prisoners; some half-pay officers were singled out as deserters, and shot by order of a court-martial; and five hundred of the ordinary soldiers were left to perish of cold and starvation in filthy dungeons. The leaders were conducted to London, where they arrived on the 9th of December. On reaching Highgate Hill, they were met by a strong detachment of foot guards, who tied them back to back and placed two on each horse; and in this ignoble manner, with the beating of drums, blowing of trumpets, piping of fifes, and all the accessories of a grand national triumph, the seven noblemen were conducted to the Tower, while the rest, some three hundred in number, were distributed among the four common gaols.

About a month after their arrival, they were severally impeached of high treason. The articles of impeachment having been sent in due course by the Commons, the House of Lords sat in judgment, Earl Cowper, the Lord Chancellor, being constituted Lord High Steward. All the peers who were charged, except the Earl of Wintoun, pleaded guilty to the indictment, but offered pleas of extenuation for their guilt in hopes of obtaining mercy. On Lord Widdrington being asked what he had to say why judgment should not be passed upon him according to law, he replied:—

My lords, I have abandoned all manner of defence ever since I first surrendered myself to his Majesty's royal

clemency, and only now beg leave to repeat to your lordships some circumstances of my unhappy case. You see before you an unfortunate man, who, after leading a private and retired life for many years, has, by one rash and inconsiderate action, exposed himself and his family to the greatest calamity and misery, and is now upon the point of receiving the severest sentence directed by any of our English laws. I do protest to your lordships that I was never privy to any concerted measures against his Majesty's royal person or the established government. As to the insurrection in Northumberland, I only heard of it accidentally the night before it happened: and being soon after informed that all my neighbours and acquaintances had met in arms, a crowd of confused and mistaken notions hurried me at once into a precipitate resolution of joining them—a resolution which, I must own, I could never since calmly reflect upon without part of that confusion I find myself under in the public acknowledgment of so much rashness and folly. After thus plunging out of my depth, as unprepared for such an enterprise as the action was unpremeditated, I cannot for my own particular, upon the strictest recollection, charge myself with any violation of the properties of my fellow-subjects; but, on the contrary, I always endeavoured to encourage humanity and moderation during the whole course of our miserable expedition; and, in order to make the best atonement in my power for the great fault I have been guilty of, I can justly say that I was in no small degree instrumental in procuring a general submission to his Majesty. But, my lords, however willing or desirous either I or any others might be to put a speedy end to these unfortunate troubles, self-preservation—the first and most powerful law of nature—would have rendered the proposal vain and fruitless, had not the officers who commanded the royal forces given us hopes of mercy, and assured us we submitted to a prince of the greatest clemency in the world. These

hopes and this assurance answered the strongest objections, overcame all remaining difficulties, and gave the finishing stroke to a general surrender, whereby the further effusion of British blood was prevented, and a perfect tranquillity restored to these parts of his Majesty's dominions. My lords, as this my first attempt was rash and unpremeditated, as I always used and promoted moderation and humanity towards my fellow-subjects, and as I did not obstinately persist in my fault, but was the first who proposed an early submission to his Majesty, I humbly hope my unhappy case, and the deplorable condition of my unfortunate children, already deprived of their tender mother, will raise a generous compassion in your lordships and the honourable House of Commons, and I most earnestly entreat both your lordships' and that honourable House to become intercessors with his Majesty, in my behalf, for that mercy which I was encouraged to hope for when I first surrendered, and which I have ever since with the utmost confidence relied on. I have only to add my most solemn assurance, before this august assembly, that no future time will ever find me wanting in the most inviolable duty and gratitude to that merciful prince who gives me life, and restores a father to five miserable and distressed orphans: and I shall always retain the highest esteem and veneration for your lordships and the honourable House of Commons.

After having detailed the circumstances attending the impeachment, and answered, with technical coolness, the argumentative matter contained in the several pleas, Earl Cowper proceeded to sentence the prisoners in the old barbarous fashion—that they should be taken to the place of execution; that they should be hanged



by the neck, and cut down alive; that their bowels should be taken out and burnt before their faces; and that their heads should be severed from their bodies, and then divided into four quarters! The sentence being thus passed, the prisoners were remanded to the Tower. But out of the seven noblemen impeached, tried, and sentenced to death, only two—Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure—were brought to the block. Two others—Lord Nithedale and Lord Wintoun—escaped, while the remaining three were reprieved.

Lord Widdrington, whose rash adventure had, as by a stroke of lightning, blasted and withered a family that had for seven centuries flourished in affluence and honour, and dissipated a fortune that had taken the labours and the prudence of the same period to accumulate and keep together, died at Bath in 1745, the year of the second and last Jacobite rebellion. The real and personal estate, which was valued at £100,000 in 1715, was forfeited to the Crown; but he managed eventually, about the year 1733, to get back the estates of Stella and Stanley, which he had obtained in marriage.

Lord Widdrington's two younger brothers, Charles and Peregrine, who had joined the insurrection along with him, were likewise captured at Preston. They were finally pardoned, however, after the alarm had blown over. Charles is said to have died at St. Omer, in France, in 1756; and Peregrine, who had acted as aide-de-camp to General Forster, and who, while in prison, had the dangerous disease then common in gaols called the spotted fever, but recovered of it, married Mary, Duchess of Norfolk, widow of Thomas, eighth Duke of Norfolk, daughter and heir of Sir Nicholas Shireburn, of Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, and by his will, dated in 1747, gave his estates to his nephew, William Tempest Widdrington, in tail male, with remainder to his nephew, John Towneley.

The Widdrington estate, worth £100,000, was first sold to the York Building Company, who for some time paid annual interest for the principal, which they could not afterwards raise; in consequence of which it was afterwards recovered by Government, and sold to Sir George Revel. This gentleman left it to his only daughter, who married Sir George Borlase Warren, who also left an only daughter. Miss Warren married George Charles, fourth Lord Vernon, whose grandson, the sixth Lord Vernon, sold it to Hugh Taylor, Esq., of Chipchase Castle.

The eldest son of the attainted Lord Widdrington, Henry Francis Widdrington, succeeded to the estates of Stella and Stanley, which were his mother's inheritance. Deprived of his paternal estate and of his hereditary honours, but commonly known as Lord Widdrington, he led a long life of peace and obscurity, and, dying at Turnham Green, in the year 1772, was buried in St. Pancras, London. He was the last of the Widdrington family. By his will he left the Stella estate, first to

Thomas Eyre, of Hassop, Esq., and his heirs male. But Thomas Eyre died without heirs male on March 26, 1792, and in virtue of the aforesaid will, the estate became the property of Edward T. S. Standish, of Standish, Esq., who also died without heirs on March 27, 1807, when Stella, by the above will, fell to John Towneley, of Towneley, Esq., who died on May 14, 1813, and was succeeded by his son, Peregrine Towneley, Esq., who died on Dec. 31, 1846. Charles Towneley, the eldest son of Peregrine, held the estates till his death on Nov. 4, 1876. He was succeeded by his brother John, who died on Feb. 21, 1878, and the property at Stella and Stanley is now held by his widow and her four daughters.

The Widdrington family were always as staunch Catholics as they were Loyalists. The marriage of the third Lord Widdrington with Miss Tempest, of Stella, confirmed the religious and political connections of the family. A branch of the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew was established at Stella in the reign of Edward the Confessor. The Nunnery continued uninterruptedly until the Dissolution of the Monasteries. In Fairfax's Views a description and engraving of the old chapel and nunnery are to be found, and in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888, p. 469, there is also an account of it. At the Dissolution the property passed into the hands of the Tempests, who appropriated a portion of the building to a Catholic church, and worship was conducted there regularly until the year 1831, when the new chapel (see page 561) was built a short distance to the west. The difficulties attending the preaching of the Catholic religion at that time will be appreciated by the following extracts which, through the kindness and courtesy of the Rev. Canon Wrennal, we have been able to take from the register kept in the Chapel at Stella:—

LIST OF CATHOLIC CLERGYMEN AT STELLA SINCE THE
YEAR 1700.

The Rev. John Wilson, O.S.B., served the mission about Stella, under the patronage of the Tempest and Widdrington family, in the beginning of this century. In the year 1715, he was seized for being a Roman Catholic priest, and hurried to Durham Gaol, to which place he is remembered to have passed through Winlaton on horseback with his feet tied under the horse's belly. Being afterwards set at liberty, he returned to the assistance of the Catholics heretofore entrusted to his care, whom he never more quitted until he was called to the reward of his labours on Friday, the 22nd June, the day he died, at Blaydon Staiths, in the year 1725.

Mr. Wilson was succeeded by Rev. N. Witham, O.S.B., advanced in years, and therefore unable to undergo the fatigues of this mission. Accordingly, he presently (1726) made room for Rev. N. Rogers, O.S.B., who, after three or four years' residence, quitted this station to attend Sir Ed. Gascoigne's family at Parlington, Yorkshire.

Upon Rev. N. Rogers's departure (1730), Rev. N. Hutton, O.S.B., was appointed to this charge, which, however, he is supposed to have resigned within the space of a few months.

Whilst this incumbency became once more vacant, it was occasionally supplied by Rev. N. Boomer, O.S.B., of Lumley Castle, near Chester-le-Street, and Rev. Jo. Barlow, of Newhouse, until the arrival of Rev. Luke Wilson, e clero Sec., some time in the year 1732, who, after a few years remaining in this station, was presented to the living at Stockton B'pric.

About the year 1737, Rev. Thos. Greenwell, a clero Sec., from the college of SS. Peter and Paul at Lisbon, was called to the assistance of this flock, which he alone governed and directed until about the year 1750, when Lord Widdrington thought proper to appoint Rev. J. Turner, Soc. Jesu, to this incumbency. Whereupon Rev. T. Greenwell was obliged to retire to Blaydon, where he still continued to devote himself to the service of his neighbour, and mostly depended for a maintenance upon the temporary contributions of his friend and his flock, until the year 1753, when, called to attend one John Cook, of Winlaton, lying ill of a fever, he himself caught the infection, and died, after a few days' illness, on Thursday, August 23.

Thus Rev. J. Turner remained the sole pastor of this large congregation until October, 1775, when Thomas Eyre, Esq., of Hassop, being become owner of Stells estate, invited from Douai College his kinsman and namesake, Rev. Thomas Eyre, C.A.D.A. He accordingly first entered here upon his missionary functions 11th October, 1775, which he endeavoured to discharge until the 15th October, 1792, when he undertook a new mission at Wooler, Northumberland.

During the few months' interval before a successor was appointed, Rev. T. Story, of Hexham, altogether supplied the vacancy until 11th March, 1793, when their new pastor, Rev. Wm. Hull, arrived, who endeavoured to comply with the duties of his situation thirty-six years and ten months, and then resigned this incumbency to the Rev. Thomas Witham, January 11, 1830.

The foundation stone of the new chapel and house at Stells was laid on the 11th day of June, 1830, by the Rev. Wm. Hull. The chapel was dedicated to St. Thomas of Aquin, and opened on the 12th day of October, 1831, by Bishop Penswick, attended by twenty-nine of his clergy who were present on the occasion.

- 1840. Rev. Vincent Joseph Eyre.
- 1845. Rev. Thomas Parker, died July 22, 1847.
- 1847. Rev. Ralph Platt, removed to Durham, July, 1857.
- 1857. Rev. Aisenius Watson, died Oct. 11, 1865.
- 1865. Rev. Henry Wrennall.

"Travels of the Imagination."

WHEN the Rev. James Murray had won himself a name in Silver Street, Newcastle, his adherents erected a new meeting-house—securing for themselves a site in the High Bridge, a thoroughfare deriving its title from the viaduct that spanned the Lort Burn, and gave our forefathers a communication between the eastern and western districts of the town. A native of Roxburghshire, and a member of a Covenanting family, Murray, born about the year 1732, was a student of Edinburgh University. In his early manhood he came into Northumberland as a private tutor. But he was afterwards a Dissenting pastor in Alnwick; and some little time subsequent to the establishment of the *Newcastle Chronicle* in 1764, to which he was a frequent contributor, the High Bridge Meeting House was built. In this place, from Sunday to Sunday, he ministered to his flock for a period not far short of twenty years, down to his death in 1782. His fertile mind made incessant use of the pulpit and the press. Sermons were preached and printed; numerous were the works he published; and amongst the best known were his Sermons to Asses, to Doctors of Divinity, and to

Ministers of State. His "Travels of the Imagination," first appearing in 1773, was reprinted in 1828, with a memoir. In the month of August, 1781, when he was living down Tabernacle Entry in Northumberland Street (a covered passage-way afterwards "used in forming Lisle Street," his house standing "in the scite of Queen Street"), he announced his intention to begin an academy, in conjunction with his son, on the first Monday in September, "for teaching young gentlemen and ladies the English and French languages grammatically; also Latin and Greek, writing, arithmetic, accounts, &c., according to the most approved methods, all for half-a-guinea a quarter, and half-a-guinea entrance." But the purpose of this laborious divine was frustrated by the progress of a malady that caused his



death on the 28th of January, 1782, in his fiftieth year. "His memory," remarked an obituary notice at the time, "will be long revered for his impartial inquiries after truth, and undaunted declaration of it from the pulpit and the press; for his warm zeal for the liberties of mankind in general, and the Protestant cause in particular; and his many valuable works which he has published." In the *Newcastle Chronicle* was inserted, from the pen of a South Shields correspondent, a tributary verse:—

Is Murray gone? Alas, too true!
Ye Tory priests, rejoice!
Far more that lettered champion knew
Than half the foes of vice.
Ye High Bridge Protestants, beware
Who in his place ye choose;
Lest all his learning, all his care,
In simple choice ye lose.

"The Congregation of Protestant Dissenters assembled at the High Bridge" reared a memorial of their minister

in the churchyard of St. Andrew; and Thomas Bewick, the famous artist and engraver, has left behind him the eulogy, that "he was a cheerful, facetious, sensible, pleasant man; a most agreeable companion; full of anecdote and information; keen in his remarks, but carefully kept off hurting the feelings of any of the company." Perhaps, however, he rather touched the sensibilities of some of his flock on the occasion when, in the days of hair-powder and pigtails, a Scotch drover dropped into the High Bridge Meeting House, "and, leaning on the edge of a pew, stood listening." No seat being offered to the stranger, the preacher at last paused, and caused a pew door to be opened, with a rebuke to the regular hearers:—"If that man had had a powdered head, and a fine coat on his back, you would have thrown open twenty pews to receive him."

From his "Travels of the Imagination, a True Journey from Newcastle to London," some extracts may be made. They will serve to show how different from our own was the condition of the world at the time the work was written. Tyne Bridge had been washed away in 1771; a temporary viaduct was in course of erection in 1772, when Mr. Murray's excursion was made; and, till its opening in the autumn, travellers must cross the river by ferry. Listen to the characteristic beginning of the minister's book:—"It is a disagreeable consideration when a person is enjoying sweet repose in his bed, to be suddenly awakened by the rude blustering noise of a vociferous hostler. There is no help for it, provided a man intends to travel in a stage-coach. This evil, like many others, must be suffered with patience. Patience renders all burdens three-fourths lighter than they would be without it. The morning was very fine when we entered the coach. Nature smiled around us. It is a pity, thought I, that we are not to ride on horseback: we should then enjoy the pleasures of the morning, snuff the perfumes of the fields, hear the music of the grove and the concert of the wood. In crossing the river Tyne from Newcastle to London, there is one inconveniency: you must wait the pleasure of a little arbitrary bashaw, who will not move one foot beyond the rules of his own authority, or mitigate the sentence passed upon those who are condemned to travel in a stage-coach within a ferry-boat. As I hate every idea of slavery and oppression, I was not a little offended at the expressions of authority which were exercised upon this occasion by the legislator of the ferry. We were now in the boat, and obliged to sit till this little tyrant gave orders for our departure. The vehicle for carrying passengers across the river is the most tiresome and heavy method that ever was invented. Four rowers in a small boat drag the ponderous ferry across the river very slowly. From the time we entered the boat, before we landed on the opposite side, an hour was almost spent. We had time to reflect upon what might happen to us by the way, and

an opportunity to put up a few ejaculations to Heaven to preserve us from the danger of ferry boats and tyrants. This was the best use we could make of our time while we continued in this floating chariot. Some of the ladies who were in the coach were so hurried in the morning that they scarcely had time to say their prayers. This was a good opportunity."

Perhaps they prayed for the patience of the preacher's aphorism. Hurried out of bed—dragged over the river—he chafed under his sufferings from "ferry boats and tyrants," but recovered his equanimity on reaching the County Palatine. On the Gateshead shore, where the ring of the hammer is now heard, he was "saluted by a blackbird." "It seemed to take pleasure to see us fairly out of the domains of Charon, and whistled cheerfully upon our arrival. Nature, said I to myself, is the mistress of real pleasure. This same blackbird cannot suffer us to pass by without contributing to our happiness. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' I wish that all men understood this maxim as well by reason and tutorage as this whistler in a hedge does by instinct. The blackbird is free, and sings from a sense of liberty. It is under no control. Were it in a cage, it might sing, but not half so sweetly. Liberty appears to be the first principle of music. Slaves never sing from the heart."

So chants the traveller. Freed from the ferry, he moralises on wheels; makes melody in his heart as the coaches roll onward. As he ascended the Fell (not then enclosed, but lying waste and common), "the whins and the briar sent forth a fragrance exceedingly delightful." "The pleasures of the morning now increased upon us." "On every of side of the coach, peerless drops of dew dangling upon the blossoms of the thorns helped to add to the perfume." The passengers had made an early start; and not till now "Aurora began to streak the eastern sky, and the spangled heavens announced the approach of the king of day." The sun is rising, and the minister moralizes on the lark, "carolling upward to the sky," and "serenading his dame with mirthful glee and pleasure." "He sings to make her toil easy, while she is employed about their mutual concerns. Ah! little do those about the courts of monarchs know ——" We need not complete the reflections, but climb with the coach to the "Long Bank," where a more sombre text offers itself anon. Hazlett, the highwayman, had been gibbeted by the roadside in 1770; and the ghastly sight was still there, as a terror to evil-doers, in 1772. "Unfortunate and infatuated Hazlett!" exclaims the moralist, "hadst thou robbed the nation of millions, instead of robbing the mail and pilfering a few shillings from a testy old maid, thou hadst not been hanging a spectacle to passengers and a prey to crows. Thy case was pitiable, but there was no mercy: thou wast poor, and thy sin unpardonable," &c. The "testiness" of the "old maid" was probably a flight of "the imagination";

and yet, she might well be out of temper, and take it amiss at the moment, when the mounted marauder thrust his pistol in at her chaise window, and gave her the choice of her money or her life! Murray, who could lose his patience under the control of Charon, might possibly have lost his balance with a muzzle and a mosstrooper at the coach door.

"The place where Hazlett hangs is the finest place in the world for the walk of a ghost. At the foot of a wild, romantic mountain, near the side of a small lake, are his remains. His shadow appears in the water, and suggests the idea of two malefactors. The imagination may easily conjure up his ghost." Yes! the imagination is a great wonder-worker. But in the present day, when everybody steams over Loch Lomond and rambles among "The Lakes," the tourist will be disposed to smile over the "wild romantic mountain" and the "lake" on Gateshead Fell! The lake is now gone; the gibbet and the stage-coach are no more; and the highwayman and his blunderbuss are but apparitions of history.

At Chester-le-Street the coach stopped, and there was breakfast. Then on to Durham, which "would be a very fine place were it not for the swarms of priests that are in it." The cathedral has "a famous clock, said to be the workmanship of a man who was convicted of counterfeiting the king's coin," and thus expiated his offence—a tale for travellers. Locomotion was not "express" in those days. There was time to listen to legends, to perambulate the city, to criticise the tombstones in the churchyards, and to visit "the New Inn," a "very fine, spacious building," which "might serve the Bishop." But at the sound of the horn, the High Bridge minister must cease "marking down the observations" suggested by his "walk through the town," take leave of the landlord, and be off; he and the military officer, and their four fair fellow-travellers.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when the coach reached Grantham. Supper over, the passengers repaired to "an old thatched house in the corner of the town," where "some of Mr. Garrick's servants were that night to exhibit." The entertainments were "The West Indian" and "The Jubilee." At two in the morning the journey was resumed. Murray falls asleep, and his nap consumes a whole chapter of the book. "What is sleep," and "what the cause of it," gives occupation for a dozen pages; and the discursive inquirer does not so far settle the question as to get rid of the necessity of somebody saying more.

To London and the top of St. Paul's, we do not follow him. Enough has been given from his "Travels" to show the contrast between the transit of to-day and a hundred years ago. One thing, however, we must add; and a most important item it is, namely, the cost. The cost in time was great. There was also board and lodging. And what was the fare? Mr. Murray tells us that he paid £3 8s. 6d.! The distance may now be done both ways

for the money. Nay, if you will travel third-class, you may have a pound to spare.

Dauntless was the spirit of James Murray, and devoted his attachment to his convictions and principles; and we may all copy with advantage his steadfastness to freedom and duty.

J. C.

Three Members of the Warbler Family.



If this delightful family of birds three members are figured in Mr. John Duncan's drawings here given. One of them is a common visitor to the North of England, another is oftener heard than seen, and a specimen of the third was once captured near Newcastle.

The sedge warbler (*Sylvia phragmitis*) is a common summer visitor to the Northern Counties. It has a sweet and varied song, and as it sings at night it is occasionally mistaken for the nightingale. "Some years ago," says



Mr. John Hancock, "a nightingale escaped from confinement in Jesmond Dene; it was almost immediately recaptured. It got, however, bruited abroad that a nightingale had been heard singing in the dene; and a crowd of people went night after night to hear it. Many came away quite satisfied that they had heard the songster, the sedge warbler having raised his voice as if on purpose to gratify the multitude or to have his joke; and proud would the little merry fellow have been could he have known how well he had succeeded."

The bird is plentiful in Northumberland and Durham, and may be found in most places where there are proper shelter and water. Its nest may be found in overgrown

hedges on country roads, but never far from water. It arrives in its breeding haunts about the middle or end of April, according to the season.

Morris aptly describes its habits thus:—"I watched one for some time playing at hide and seek with me, in some large hawthorn bushes which covered the steep bank of a stream, overhanging it almost to the water's edge; beyond all doubt the nest was there. Now it would fly a few yards off; now, if thinking itself unobserved, slyly return to its place; now sing lustily from some hidden covert, and on a sudden emerge and show itself; then again descend to the recesses of the thick brake, and so quickly re-appear at a little distance that it would almost seem as if it had flown straight without hindrance through the tangled underwood; once more it would set up its ringing note, like a watchman springing his rattle to alarm his household, for such in its small way it closely resembles, and finally disappear from view and from hearing together, unless again disturbed."

The ordinary note of the bird is a faint, sharp cheep, but its chattering song is lively and pleasing. Sometimes it sings from a branch or spray, but more frequently the song is heard from the interior of some leafy bush or shrub, often causing the uninitiated to wonder what kind of bird the unseen warbler can be. On fine summer nights it often carols into the "small hours," and has on this account been mistaken for the nightingale, the sweetest of all our warblers. Even if it has gone to roost, a stone thrown into a thick bush will often set the sedge-warbler into song. Most naturalists give the bird the credit of considerable mimetic power.

The adult male in summer is, above, olive-brown, yellowish-rufous on rump; four longitudinal, dark-brown stripes on head; well defined eye-stripe whitish, broader towards nape; centres of upper back feathers shaded with dark brown; wings and tail brown, with pale margins; beneath, creamy white, shaded, especially on flanks, with yellowish-brown; legs, brown; irides, brown; length, about five inches. The female resembles the male.

The sedge-warbler feeds on insects of various kinds, some of which are captured on the wing, as well as worms and slugs.

The grasshopper warbler (*Sylvia locustella*), called also the cricket bird, is more elegant in form than the sedge-warbler. Like others of the family, it is of retiring habits. "The grasshopper warbler," Mr. Hancock says, "though seldom seen, on account of its skulking habits, is not by any means rare; it is local, however, preferring low brushy scrub in secluded situations. I have found it breeding in various places in the neighbourhood of Newcastle; but it is nowhere so plentiful as on the banks of the Derwent, a few miles west of Newcastle. It is a spring and autumn migrant." The bird derives its name from its peculiar song, which is not unlike the cry of the grasshopper or the field cricket.

The grasshopper warbler arrives in this country in

April or early May, according to the weather and the locality, and leaves in September.

The general colour of the plumage is a rich greenish brown above, and as each feather has crescent-shaped spots of dark brown in the centre, from the base of the bill above to the root of the tail, it appears to



be beautifully marked. The male is nearly five inches and three-quarters long. The chin and throat are yellowish white; and the breast and part of the throat yellowish brown, merging into an olive tint at the sides. The wings are short and have a spread of seven and a half inches, which makes the handsome rounded tail appear longer than it really is. The tail, extending an inch and a half beyond the wings, is brown, and marked with numerous transverse lines, each feather being edged with a darker colour than at the centre.

The food of the bird consists chiefly of flies, gnats, beetles, and other insects, grasshoppers, small snails, and slugs.

Seebold says that the range of the icterine warbler



(*Hypoleate icterina*) is a very peculiar one. The bird is a common summer visitor to the North of France, Belgium,

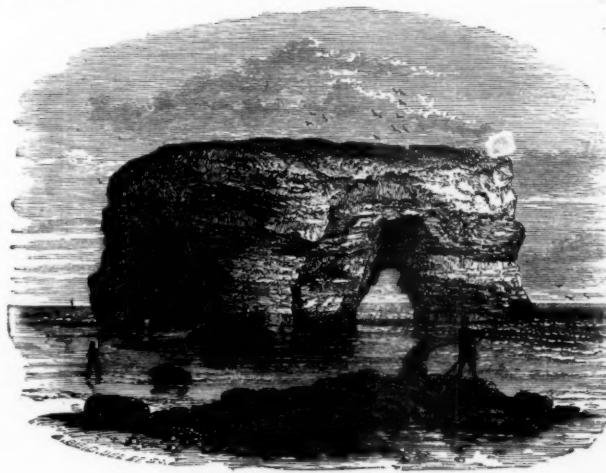
Holland, Germany, Italy, and Sicily, but is very rare in the South of France, and entirely absent from Spain. It is common in Denmark, the Baltic Provinces, and South Scandinavia, but becomes much rarer further north.

The first example of this bird taken in the British Islands was killed on June 15, 1848, at Eyethorne, near Dover; the second was shot on June 8, 1856, at Dunsinea, on the banks of the river Tolka, in the county of Dublin; and another was procured near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the summer of 1869, and is now in the possession of a local collector.

The adult male is about five inches in length. In its spring plumage, the general colour of the upper parts, including the lores, ear coverts, and the sides of the neck, is olive-green; a somewhat indistinct greenish yellow eye-stripe extends from the base of the bill, losing itself behind the eye; the quills are brown, narrowly edged with brownish white; the tail feathers are brown, with very narrow pale edges, and generally with indistinct traces of transverse bars; the underparts, including the auxiliaries, are uniform greenish yellow, many of the feathers on the thighs and under wing-coverts having brown centres. The female scarcely differs from the male.

Marsden Rock.

SOME account of Marsden Rock, with many particulars of Peter Allan, the remarkable man who hewed Marsden Grotto out of the solid cliff, will be found in the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 126. The Rock, which is situated on the coast of Durham, between South Shields and Sunderland, is, as may be seen from the accompanying engraving, detached from the mainland by a narrow



MARSDEN ROCK.

stretch of sea at high water. When the tide is out, however, the intervening sands are quite dry, so that some of the beautiful caves which penetrate the Rock on all sides may be closely examined. The top of the Rock can be reached by a series of rather hazardous ladders and stairs that were constructed for the purpose by Peter Allan and later members of his family.

The Castle of the Seven Shields.

AMONG the innumerable Arthurian legends which have been spun and woven in the course of the last eight or ten centuries out of the scanty materials furnished by Nennius, Ordericus, Vitalis, and William of Malmesbury, there is one of an interesting nature connected with Northumberland. It is that of the Castle of the Seven Shields.

This fortress, now in utter and almost undistinguishable ruin, was situated on the sheep farm of Sewingshields, a short distance northward from the Roman Wall, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Northumberland Lakes. It is most likely in this case, as in others, that the legend was originally invented to account for the name of the place, and that the seven shields, now said to have been those borne by an equal number of gallant Knights of the Round Table, were in reality nothing more nor less than seven herdsmen's or watchers' huts (shields), built on that convenient spot to command the extensive prospect from it. But the love of the marvellous ever prevails. Hence, Sewingshields now is, and will remain to the latest generation, one of the scenes of King Arthur's fabulous history.

Hodgson's "History of Northumberland" contains the following account of an adventure which is said to have brought to light, more than a century since, some of the marvels that lie concealed under Sewingshields Crags:—

Immortal tradition has asserted that King Arthur, his Queen Guenever, his court of lords and ladies, and his hounds were enchanted in some cave of the crags, or in a hall below the castle of Sewingshields, and would continue entranced there till some one should first blow a bugle-horn that lay on a table near the entrance of the hall, and then with "the sword of the stone" cut a garter also placed there beside it. But none had ever heard where the entrance to this enchanted hall was, till the farmer of Sewingshields, about fifty years since, was sitting knitting on the ruins of the castle, and his clew fell, and ran downwards through a rush of briars and nettles, as he supposed, into a deep subterranean passage. Full in the faith that the entrance into King Arthur's hall was now discovered, he cleared the briary portal of its weeds and rubbish, and, entering the vaulted passage, followed, in his darkling way, the thread of his clew. The floor was infested with toads and lizards; and the dark wings of bats,

disturbed by his unhallowed intrusion, flitted fearfully around him. At length his sinking courage was strengthened by a dim, distant light, which, as he advanced, grew gradually brighter, till all at once he entered a vast and vaulted hall, in the centre of which a fire without fuel, from a broad crevice in the floor, blazed with a high and lambent flame, that showed all the carved walls and fretted roof, and the monarch and his queen and court reposing around in a theatre of thrones and costly couches. On the floor, beyond the fire, lay the faithful and deep-toned pack of thirty couple of hounds ; and on a table before it, the spell-dissolving horn, sword, and garter. The shepherd reverently but firmly grasped the sword, and as he drew it leisurely from its rusty scabbard, the eyes of the monarch and his courtiers began to open, and they rose till they sat upright. He cut the garter ; and as the sword was being slowly sheathed, the spell assumed its ancient power, and they all gradually sunk to rest ; but not before the monarch had lifted up his eyes and hands, and exclaimed :—

O woe betide that evil day,
On which this witless wight was born,
Who drew the sword—the garter cut,
But never blew the bugle-horn.

Terror brought on loss of memory, and the shepherd was unable to give any correct account of his adventure, or to find again the entrance to the enchanted hall.

Sir Walter Scott's version of the Sewingshields legend differs essentially from that which we have quoted from Hodgson.

Longhorsley Tower.



HE massive old pele tower at Longhorsley is one of the striking landmarks which the pedestrian encounters on his way from Morpeth to Rothbury. Longhorsley is situated some six and-a-half miles north of Morpeth, and the fortalice occupies a commanding position to the west of the village. When and by whom this tower was erected, Hodgson and other historians of Northumberland do not say, asserting that they had come across no record, hint, or tradition respecting it. Hodgson himself believed that it belonged to Sir John Horsley in the time of Henry VIII. But, however distant may have been the date of its erection, there is apparently little change to be observed, as regards its outward features at least, since the time it was built.

There is no mention of Longhorsley Tower in the list of Border towers which existed in the county of North-

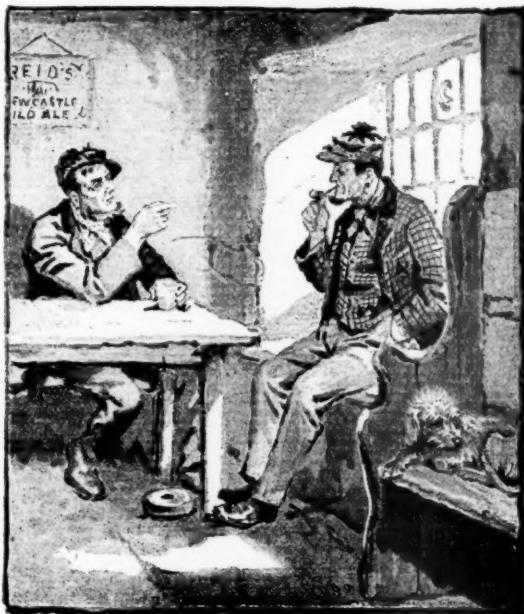


umberland at the beginning of the reign of Henry VI. Robert Horsley, who died in 1445, occupied the tower of Thernham, now called Farnham, in Coquetdale. This tower remained in the possession of that line of the Horsley family until the reign of Henry VIII., when it was carried to the Carnabys by their heiress. The edifice is now in the possession of the Riddell family, who have converted it into a manse for a Catholic priest.

The surroundings of the tower are not specially interesting. There is the wide expanse of moorland, known as Longhorsley Moor, which, during the summer months, is much traversed by cyclists. Though the road across it, with its sandy surface and very steep gradients, may not exactly suit the tastes of wheelmen, many of these will doubtless enjoy the landscape, for Longhorsley Moor, notwithstanding its wild and desolate aspect, is not without its charms.

The Two Pitmen.

MR. RALPH HEDLEY'S sketch, which appears on this page, was drawn to illustrate an actual incident that occurred in the tap-room of a public-house on Tyneside. A couple of pitmen had there met, with the usual result that one or both had got "half-seas over." It was then that plain truths began to be told one about the other. "Aa'll tell thou whaat it is, Isaac," said the toper sitting at the table: "as divvent



THE TWO PITMEN.

haaf like thoo." "Wey," asked the other, "whast's the mettor noo?" "Dis thoo not knaa?" returned his companion. "Well, aa'll tell thoo. Last Newcastle Races, when we wor tegether, thoo won a haaf-croon on the Plate, and thoo waak'd off hyem wiv't! That's not fair doos, is't?" The character and habits of the Northern miner are admirably hit off both in the story and the picture.

The Historian of Durham.

SURTEES'S "History of Durham" is universally acknowledged to be, in point of original research, comprehensiveness, execution, and general accuracy, inferior to none of our great English county histories. Its author—Robert Surtees, of Mainsforth—was one of the most remarkable men the North has produced, though he never made any great figure before the public while he lived. His parents had been nearly 18 years married, and had had two children (both of whom died in infancy), when he was born at Durham, in the South Bailey, on the 1st of April, 1779. His childhood was passed with his parents, in the retirement of their family seat at Mainsforth, near Sedgefield, "of which,"

as his biographer, Mr. Taylor (father of Sir Henry Taylor) says, "the pleasant scenes were thus associated with his earliest impressions, and laid the foundation

of that taste for sequestered, quiet, and rural elegance which his after life was spent in cultivating there."

This retirement, however, was frequently

varied by a winter visit to York, at that time a kind of metropolis for the northern gentry of moderate fortune.

The future historian was sent first of all to the Kepier School at Houghton-le-Spring, where he gained, among other things, a well-grounded acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages. Then he went to Oxford, where in 1796 he entered as a commoner at Christ Church. At college his habits were studious, but his application to his books was not so intense as to interfere with his hours of exercise and moderate social enjoyment. "He was beloved by those who knew him well, esteemed by those who knew him less intimately, and sought by all who became acquainted with his powers of conversation." So writes one of his fellow-collegians, Mr. William Ward Jackson, of Normanby, Yorkshire. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in November, 1800, removed to London, and became a member of the Middle Temple. But on the death of his father in 1802, before he was of standing to be called to the bar, he retired to Mainsforth, relinquishing his connection

with the legal profession, and almost immediately commenced the compilation of his history.

The first volume of this great work was published in 1816, the second in 1820, and the third in 1823, while the fourth and last volume, not having been wholly arranged at the time of his death, was not given to the world until 1840. The work occupied him so exclusively as to leave but few incidents for his biographer to commemorate. But he carried on an extensive literary correspondence with Sir Walter Scott and other celebrities of the time, principally on subjects connected with archaeology, folk lore, and old ballads.

It was in the course of this correspondence that he became the perpetrator of one of the most daring and dexterous literary impostures of modern times. Scott had published three editions of his "Border Minstrelsy," when, in 1806, he received a letter from Surtees (then a stranger to him), containing remarks upon some of the ballads composing that work. Scott sent a cordial answer, and by-and-by there came from Surtees a professedly old ballad, "On a Feud between the Ridleys and the Featherstonehaughs," which he professed to have taken down from the recitation of an old woman of Alston Moor. It is a production as coarse as it is wild and incoherent, and therefore characteristic enough of the barbarous old mosstrooper time; and it was accompanied by historical notes, calculated to authenticate it as a narrative of actual events. So the author of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," who was then full of excitement about ballads in general, at once accepted it as a genuine relic of antiquity, introduced a passage of it in Marmion, and inserted it entire in his next edition of the "Minstrelsy." The forgery was not discovered till after the death of Surtees in 1835; and Scott, on whom the hoax had been practised, having died three years earlier, left the world without being aware of the deception.

So little, however, did Surtees regard as a breach of honesty what critics of every school are now united in stigmatising as such, that the very next year he passed off another ballad of his own making upon his enthusiastic and unsuspecting friend. In a letter dated Hendon, near Sunderland, 28th February, 1807, he proceeds to say:—"I add a ballad of Lord Eure, apparently a song of gratulation on his elevation to the peerage, which I took by recitation from a very aged person, Rose Smith, of Bishop Middleham, at 91, whose husband's father and two brothers were killed in the Rebellion of 1715. I was interrogating her for Jacobite songs, and, instead, acquired Lord Eure." As in the former case, he added a number of historical notes to support the deception, and Scott did not hesitate to put Lord Eure in a false character before the world in the next edition of his "Minstrelsy."

This, however, was not all. Tempted, apparently, by the very faith which Scott had in his veracity, he played off yet a third imposture. There is, in the later editions

of the "Minstrelsy," a ballad of very vigorous action, entitled "Barthrum's Dirge," beginning—

They shot him dead on the Nine-stone Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross;
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and mose.

The editor states that it was obtained from the recitation of an old woman by his "obliging friend," Mr. Surtees, who communicated it to him, with only a few missing lines replaced by himself, as indicated by brackets. In reality, this ballad was also Surtees's own. The missing lines, supplied within brackets, were merely designed as a piece of apparent candour, the better to blind the editor to the general falsehood of the story. When we turn to the letter in which Surtees sent the ballad to Scott, we obtain a notion of the plausible way in which these tricks were framed:—

The following romantic fragment, dated Nov. 9, 1809, (which I have no further meddled with than to fill up a hemistitch, and complete rhyme and metre), I have from the imperfect recitation of Ann Douglass, a withered crone who weeded in my garden.

"They shot him dead on the Nine-stone Rig," &c.

I have no local reference to the above. The name of Bartram bids fair for a Northumbrian hero; but the style is, I think, superior to our Northumbrian ditties, and more like the Scotch. There is a place called Headless Cross, I think, in old maps, near Elsdon in Northumberland; but this is too vague to found an idea upon.

Mr. Surtees was married in June, 1807, to Miss Anne Robinson, daughter of Ralph Robinson, of Middle Harrington, in the county of Durham; and we are told by his biographer, Mr. Taylor, that "perhaps few marriages have more entirely realised the anticipations of the parties." Instead of the depressing solitude to which his leisure hours had been condemned (and those hours, also, often abridged, from the want of inducement to quit his study), he found in his wife a companion fully competent to appreciate his character and enjoy his society. His plan of life was now fixed as it continued to the end. Mainsforth became the centre of a select literary circle, whose tastes and studies were congenial with the more peculiar pursuits of their host. To persons who rendered him assistance in his work, Surtees was extremely liberal in his invitations to visit him at "his home," as he called it, and "if ever there was a roof under which the production and encouragement of knowledge were combined with the diffusion of cheerful ease and happiness to every guest, it was at Mainsforth."

Of Surtees's kindly character the Rev. James Raine gives the following description:—

His attachment to dogs (not only his own, but those of others) was very extraordinary. He had a personal acquaintance with almost every dog in Durham; and he would frequently say that man was the deity of the dog, and that it was imperative upon him to treat with kindness the poor creature who so devoutly worshipped him. Indeed, to all dumb animals he was kindness itself. He never sold his old horses, but took off their shoes, gave them a good pasture, and let them die in peace. Even a worm or a fly was never passed if he could render them assistance.

From Mainsforth he was always very reluctant to be

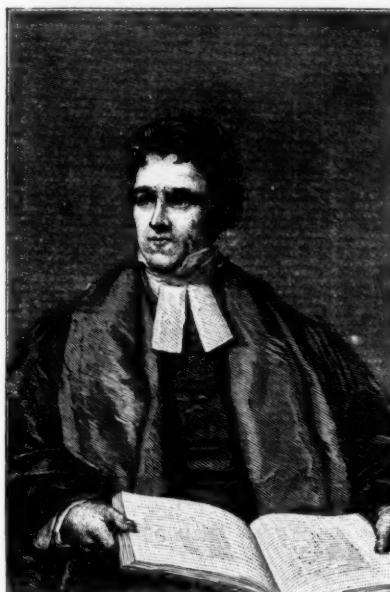
drawn, and most gladly returned to it. Sometimes he would set out on some short tour, repent before the first day was ended, and come home again. His devoted attachment to the seclusion of his quiet country residence and his happy domestic life, was doubtless the motive for declining offers that had been made to him of a seat in Parliament, and of a prebendal stall in Durham which Bishop Barrington had promised him if he would take orders in the Church. A tour in Scotland and a short excursion on the Continent were about the extent of his travelling. "God," as he said, "had placed him in paradise, and he had everything that could make a man happy."

Yet, eminently calculated as he was to enjoy such blessings, and nervous as his constitution was, he met the approach of death with composure and resignation. A gleam of his characteristic humour, in affectionate appreciation of his wife's character, appeared only a night or two before his death. He was lying in an inner chamber, and, at his own request, alone and in darkness, when a timepiece, which marked the half hours by a single stroke on the bell, struck, as he thought, one o'clock, and he rapped on the partition for the medicine which was to be taken at that hour. Mrs. Surtees, who was watching in the outer apartment, came to him, and said, "Surtees, it is not one yet." "Yes, it is, he replied." "You are mistaken," she answered; "it cannot be." "Nay, then, Annie," said he, "what is to become of the world if you are beginning to lie?" A few days later—on Feb. 11, 1834—he breathed his last.

Dr. Arnold.

DR. THOMAS ARNOLD, one of the most enlightened schoolmasters of the present century, was born at East Cowes on June 13, 1795. The seat of his family was not, however, in the Isle of Wight, but at Lowestoft. Educated at Warminster and Winchester, he was introduced by some of his college chums to the poets of the Lake School; but it was not until many years had flown that he was brought into immediate contact with them in their own delightful district. He prepared himself for the Church, but he did not take priest's orders until 1828. For some half-dozen years previous to that date he resided at Laleham, where he trained pupils for the universities. In August, 1828, at the earnest solicitation of Dr. Whately, he undertook the duties of headmaster of Rugby School, then less famous than it is now. Dr. Arnold set himself the onerous task of perfecting the institution, and all the world knows that he was eminently successful. In 1833 he purchased a small estate near Ambleside, Westmoreland, called Fox Howe (see vol. for 1889, p. 368), where he built a villa residence within a few yards of the Rothay, which at this point moves silently along towards

Windermere after a wild course amongst the hills. Here he enjoyed his school vacations in the society of Wordsworth, Colonel Hamilton (author of "Cyril Thornton"), Sir Thomas Pasley, and occasionally Southey. It was at Fox Howe that Dr. Arnold found time to write his



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DR. ARNOLD.

Roman history, and to collect materials for a work on Church and State, which, however, he was not destined to complete. This eminent man died on the 12th of June, 1842.

Lloyd Jones.

LR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, the novelist and playwright, writing in a London newspaper, records the following reminiscences of a gentleman once well known in the North of England, the late Mr. Lloyd Jones:—

Another friend of my father, and a constant visitor at our house, was Lloyd Jones, lecturer, debater, and journalist. An Irishman with the mellowest of voices, he delighted my young soul with snatches of jovial song—the "Widow Machree," "The Leather Bottel," and the modern burlesque of that royal ballad, the "Pewter Quart"—written, I think, by Maguire, and originally published in *Blackwood*:

Here, boy, take this handful of brass,
Across to the *Goose and the Gridiron* pass,
Pay the coin on the counter out,
And bring me a pint of foaming stout.
Put it not into bottle or jugs,
Cannikin, rumkin, flagon, or mug,
Into nothing at all, in short,
Except the natural PEWTER QUART!

Jones "troll'd" rather than sang, with robust strength and humour. I found out, when I was a year or two older, that he knew and loved the obscurer early poets, and could recite whole passages from their works by heart. George Wither was a great favourite of his, and he had a fine collection of that poet's works, many of them very scarce. It was a treat to hear him sing Wither's charming ballad—

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?

or to hear him recite the same poet's naive, yet lively, invocation to the Muse, written in prison—

By a Daisy whose leaves spread,
Sout when Titan goes to bed,
By a lush upon a tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's wonders can
In some other wiser man!

I owe Lloyd Jones this debt, that he first taught me to love old songs and homespun English poetry. He was a large-hearted, genial man, not to be forgotten in any chronicle of the Socialistic cause.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

A scripture reader waited on a good woman in a Durham colliery village. Not satisfied of the woman's spiritual condition, the visitor remarked that he was afraid she did not keep the commandments. "Keep the commandments!" she exclaimed. "Wiv aall these hairns, we've enough te de to keep worsels!"

A CANDID CRITIC.

The other evening, several passengers in a railway carriage were disturbed by the noisy singing of several people in the next compartment. A Quayside labourer, referring to one of the unruly ones whose voice was very harsh, exclaimed:—"Begox, if that chep wes hanged for singing he wad dee innocent!"

MARROWS.

One of the pit shoes of a miner residing in the Bedlington district happened an accident some time ago. The following morning the pitman appeared before his fellow-workmen shod in a shoe and a clog. This fact soon attracted the attention of an acquaintance, who exclaimed:—"Wey, Tom, thy shoes isn't marrahs!" "No, hinny, they're not," replied Tom; "but it myeks ne mator—they hev te work tegithor just the syem!"

LET GO THERE!

A Scotchman was down on Newcastle Quay one morning. Stopping for a short time at a wharf, he saw two keelmen come alongside to unmoor their boat. Being in a hurry, they shouted out to the Scotchman, who was standing by, "Aa say, hey, let go that rope thor." Not understanding what they meant, the stranger at once

jumped out of the road, and said, "Mon, aw'm no touchin' your rope!"

THE MUSIC STOOL.

A miner of the old school once bought a music stool at a sale in Newcastle. Next day he brought it back to the auctioneer. "Ye caall this a music stool!" said he. "Wey, aa've torned it roond and roond aalways, and aa cannot get a tune oot on't!"

DATE OF BIRTH.

At a village in Durham, a few years ago, a miner's wife having been confined, the Registrar of Births received the usual notice from the colliery doctor; and made a call shortly afterwards, when the following colloquy took place:—Miner's wife: "Gud mornin', sor. Are ye comin' in te get yer pipe?" Registrar: "No; I have called to see what date your child was born." Miner's wife: "Wey, aa's shooh, sor, aa cannot tell, but it was the day Jack Bell killed his greet fat pig!"

GOOD WORKS.

On the Castle Garth Stairs there once lived an old clogger, who did not believe in keeping his religion to himself. One day, on a customer coming into his shop, the old man began to talk about "people's good works following them." After he had been preaching for a short space of time to little effect, his customer said, "Wey, noo, aa'll tell thou whaat; if thy good works hes te follow thou, they'll make a devil of a clatter gannen down the Castle Garth Stairs!"

DISCOUNT.

A miner, belonging to one of the Northumbrian collieries, who had suffered, in common with the miners generally, various reductions of so much per cent. in his wages, called one day at the shop of a well-known clothier in Newcastle, and inquired the price of a coat he thought would suit him. The price (£3) was mentioned by the shopkeeper. "Three pound!" exclaims the customer; "that's ower much." "Well, but," said the tradesman, "we allow 5 per cent off." "Five per cent. be d---d! We've hed enough per cents taken off wor wages!"

A QUACK DOCTOR'S ELOQUENCE.

One of the quack doctors who usually frequent the Bigg Market, Newcastle, was holding forth there one Saturday evening on the constituent parts and ailments of the human body. "The human body," said he, "consists of three parts—the head, the thorax, and the abdomen. The head," he continued, "contains the brains—if there are any; the thorax contains the lungs, lights, and liver; and the abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y!"

THE PITMAN AND THE RAILWAY OFFICIAL.

A number of pitmen, who were returning from a miners' annual picnic, had been for some little time awaiting the arrival of the train that was to convey them from Durham to their destination. At last an engine and some carriages appeared in sight. "Is that wor

train, mistor?" shouted a pitman to a porter. "No ; it belangs the railway company," was the reply. "Weel, onnyway, it's a dory yen. Ye'd better tell 'em te tyek hor away an' pent hor afresh. Thor's a lot o' Brance-peth cokeyard men behint here. If they see that train, they'll think it's Monday morning, and begin filling!"

A GOOD MASTER.

A glassmaker, who worked in a factory not a hundred miles from Gateshead railway station, asked his master if he could have a week's holiday. He obtained the desired permission, but stayed away for a fortnight. On the Monday, when Jack returned, his master was looking round the works, and noticed that Jack had resumed his employment ; he, thereupon, ordered him to leave the place. Jack did not go. He merely turned to his master and said : "Noo, sor, aa's an aad warkman, an' ye're a young maistor. Aa wes hear afore ye wor. If ye divvrent knaa when ye've gotten a good servant, wey, aa knaa when aa've gotten a good maistor, and be beggored if aa'll gan!" And Jack was allowed to remain.

North-Country Obituaries.

At the age of 63 years, Mr. John Wright Alcock, a former member of the Sunderland Town Council, died at his residence, Fernville, Monkwearmouth, on the 10th of October.

Louisa, Marchioness of Ailesbury, widow of the third Marquis, and a daughter of the second Baron Decies, of Bolam, Northumberland, died on the 16th of October.

On the 20th of October, Mr. William Milburn Henzell,

grocer, and for many years a member of the Newcastle Council, died at his residence in Belgrave Terrace, Newcastle. The deceased gentleman, who was a descendant of a Huguenot family, took a keen and sympathetic interest in several public and philanthropic movements. He was 66 years of age. The funeral, which took place in Elswick Cemetery on the 23rd, was attended by the Mayor and several members of the Corporation.

On the 20th of October, also, Mr. Robert Jackson, a merchant carrying on business on the Quayside, died suddenly at the Manors Railway Station, Newcastle.

Mr. William Scott, fitter for Messrs. Joseph Cowen



MR. W. M. HENZELL.

and Company's collieries at Blaydon Burn and Rowland's Gill, and also a general merchant, died very suddenly at Felling on the 21st of October.

The Rev. Joseph Hudson, Vicar of Chillingham, Northumberland, who was reputed to be the oldest clergyman in the Church of England, died on the 31st of October. Born on the 5th of January, 1793, Mr. Hudson was consequently in his 99th year. Up to within a few days of his death he had taken part in the services of the church.

On the 4th of November, Mr. John Thornhill Harrison, one of the engineering inspectors under the Local Government, died at Ealing. The deceased gentleman, a native of the North of England, having been born at Thornhill in 1815, was a brother of the late Mr. T. E. Harrison, head of the engineering department of the North-Eastern Railway.

Mr. Stephen Varey, an old shipmaster and shipowner, died at Seaham Harbour, on the 6th of November, aged 73.

Record of Events.

OCTOBER.

12.—A new theatre was opened in the city of Durham. —At the Michaelmas Guild of Newcastle Freemen, the chairman (Mr. W. H. Willins) announced that he had resigned the chairmanship of the Committee of Stewards, and that Mr. John D. Walker had been appointed his successor.

—The Lord Bishop of London (Dr. Temple) was present and spoke at the annual meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—A young man named William Spence, a miner, 21 years of age, died at Mount Pleasant, near Crook, from injuries alleged to have been inflicted with a knife by his sister, Ellen Spence, who was subsequently committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

13.—During the prevalence of a severe gale, the roof of a public-house in Dunning Street, Sunderland, known as "No. 9" bar, collapsed, and several of the inmates narrowly escaped with their lives. During the same storm, the vessel Peggy, of London, was wrecked on the Black Middens at the mouth of the Tyne. The crew were saved by the aid of the rocket apparatus, one of the men being gallantly rescued by Coastguardsman Hoare.

—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, addressed a political meeting in the Exchange Hall, Stockton ; and on the following day he made a visit of inspection to the river Tees.

14.—A conference of ministers, for the consideration of social questions, was held in the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. George Luckley ; and among those who were present and took part in the proceedings was Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, and a native of Tyneside. Mr. Stead again spoke at the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Newcastle, Gateshead, and District Band of Hope Union, held in the evening in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

16.—It was announced that the Rev. John Wilkinson, curate of Benwell, had been appointed vicar of St. Peter's, Newcastle, in the room of the Rev. Canon C. A. Raines, resigned. Mr. Raines, on the occasion of his

retirement, after an incumbency of 48 years, was presented by his parishioners and friends with a cheque for £400.

17.—It was officially reported that, as the result of a ballot among the workmen in the employment of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., at Elswick, rendered necessary by the passing of the Free Education Act, 4,721 had voted in favour of carrying on the Schools and Mechanics' Institute, by the men subscribing one penny per week, boys and apprentices one-halfpenny per week; while the number of votes for the abolition of the Schools and Mechanics' Institute was 2,661. There was thus a large majority in favour of the retention of both institutions.

—A conversazione given by the president of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders (Mr. Wigham Richardson) was held in the Assembly Rooms, Westgate Road, Newcastle, for the double purpose of inaugurating the winter session and of giving a welcome to Professor Weighton, who has been appointed to the chair of naval engineering at the College of Science.

19.—A monumental cross erected by public subscription, under the auspices of the Tablet Memorial Society, of which Mr. John Robinson is secretary, to the memory of William Shield, musician and composer, was unveiled in Whickham Churchyard. The unveiling ceremony was performed by Dr. T. Hodgkin, and an address, prepared and forwarded for the occasion by Mr. Joseph Cowen, was read by Mr. Robinson.

—The winter session of the Newcastle Parliamentary Debating Society was inaugurated in the Lovaine Hall, under the presidency of Sir M. W. Ridley, M.P.

20.—A meeting, in advocacy of the "direct popular veto" in the matter of public-houses, was held in the Victoria Hall, Sunderland. On the evening of the 22nd a similar meeting was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

21.—Madame Albani, the celebrated vocalist, was the chief performer at the annual Police Concert held in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—A Liberal Unionist Conference in connection with the counties of Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland was held in the Co-operative Hall, Sunderland, the chair being occupied by Mr. Powell Williams, M.P., chairman of the Executive of the National Liberal Union. In the evening, under the auspices of the same body, a public meeting was held in the Victoria Hall. The Earl of Durham presided, and a political address was delivered by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.

22.—Sidney Old, formerly secretary to the Tyne Pontoons and Dry Docks Company, was, at the Northumberland Quarter Sessions in Newcastle, sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for embezzlement.

—The foundation stone of the new Home for Incurables, which is being built by the Newcastle Corporation as trustees of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, was laid in the grounds at Moor Lodge, Spital Tongues, by Mrs. Richardson, wife of Mr. Alderman Richardson. The structure is designed on the pavilion principle, and is estimated to cost about £15,000, the architect being Mr. Edward Shewbrooks.

23.—Senor Sarasate, the famous Basque violinist, gave a performance in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

24.—A formal inspection was made of the handsome new Church of St. Michael and Holy Angels, erected for the Roman Catholic body in Westmoreland Road, New-

castle. On the following day preliminary services were held, the celebrant being the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, while the sermon was preached by Bishop Riddell, of Northampton. The opening ceremony took place on the 28th, the sermons being preached by the Rev. Father Humphrey, S.J. The total cost of the edifice was about £20,000.

25.—Hospital Sunday was observed in the majority of the churches and chapels in Newcastle and district. The highest collection made was that taken in Jesmond Parish Church, the amount being £115 5s. 1d. The collections in the workshops and factories, under the designation of Hospital Saturday, were made on the 7th of November.

—The first lecture of the ninth session in connection with the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society was delivered in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, by Professor Hubert Herkomer, the subject being "Portrait Painting." The second lecture was delivered on the 1st of November by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, on "What's to be done with Africa?" On the 8th, Sir James Crichton-Browne lectured on "Handicraft."

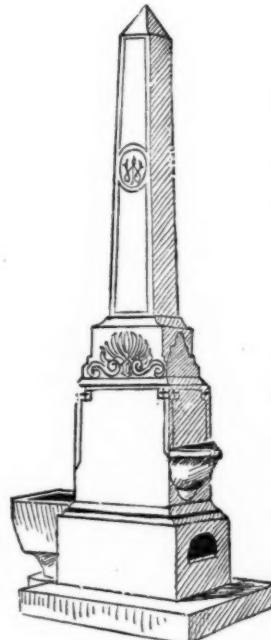
26.—Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry entered upon a week's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle.

—The Rev. Allen D. Jeffery was ordained to the pastorsehip of Bath Lane Church, Newcastle, in succession to the late Dr. Rutherford.

28.—In the presence of a large company of spectators, Mr. Utrick A. Ritson unveiled and handed over to the Corporation a granite drinking fountain, which he has defrayed the cost of erecting, in the Milk Market, Newcastle, as a centenary memorial to John Wesley. The Mayor received the gift in the name of the city. One of the inscriptions on the monument reads thus:—

"From this spot John Wesley preached his first sermon in Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sunday, May 30th, 1742."

30.—A new Higher Grade School, erected by the Gateshead School Board in Whitehall Road, was formally opened by the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., in the presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen. In the evening, in the Town Hall of the same borough, Mr. Mundella presented the prizes, certificates, and scholarships gained by the pupils of the school.



—In celebration of the old Scottish festival of Hallo'wen, the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis) gave a conversazione and dance to the members of the Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club, and a number of other ladies and gentlemen, in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

31.—In accordance with notices previously received and given in connection with the engineering works on the Tyne and Wear, the engagements of several thousands of artizans terminated to-day. The question in dispute related to the working of overtime. Deputations from the employers and the men's Joint Committee met on the 4th of November, when terms were agreed upon, subject to ratification by the general body of employers on the one side and the men on the other. The central fact of the agreement was that no man should be required to work for more than 65 hours in any one week, nor more than 230 hours in any four weeks, and that overtime should be discountenanced as much as possible. On a ballot being taken the men accepted those terms by a majority of 591, there being for the proposals 3,511, and against them 2,920. Work was resumed on the 9th of November.

—At Hetton-le-Hole, William Johnson, a labouring man, fatally shot a widow named Mary Addison, with whom he had lodged for a number of years, but by whom he had been requested to leave, owing to some family dispute. On perpetrating the horrible deed, Johnson coolly walked to the police station and gave himself into custody, Mrs. Cartwright, in the absence of her husband, Sergeant Cartwright, locking him up in a cell. Both the murderer and his victim were about 48 years of age. Johnson was afterwards committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder.

NOVEMBER.

2.—The 1st of November having fallen on a Sunday, the municipal elections took place to-day. There were three contests in Newcastle, a working man having come forward in each of the wards of Elswick East, Arthur's Hill, and All Saints' East. In only one instance, however, was the opposition successful, Mr. Joseph John Harris, secretary to the Newcastle Trades Council, having displaced the retiring representative, Dr. Henry Evers. A labour candidate was also successful at Gateshead, Mr. Flynn having been elected for South-East Ward, unseating the sitting member, Mr. George Lawson, by a majority of only one vote.

—The operative shipbuilders on the Tyne and Tees consented to accept a reduction of 5 per cent. in piecework wages, to come into operation on the first full pay in January, 1892.

—Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the British chess master, commenced a short playing engagement in connection with the Newcastle Chess Club and at the Art Gallery.

3.—Two new fire and police stations were opened in Newcastle—one at Arthur's Hill by the Mayor, and the other in Elwick's Lane by Mr. Alderman Potter, chairman of the Watch Committee.

5.—A half-day holiday was observed at several of the

public and private schools in Newcastle in commemoration of "Gunpowder Plot."

—A destructive fire broke out in the joinery and pattern shed of the works of Messrs. John Spencer and Sons, Limited, Newburn.

—The Mayor and Sheriff of Newcastle were entertained to a complimentary dinner at the Crown Hotel, Newcastle.

6.—The first annual meeting of the company incorporated by the Board of Trade in connection with the Tyneside Geographical Society was held in the Lovaine Hall, Newcastle—Mr. J. J. Gurney presiding. It was intimated that the conveyance of the premises to the society had been completed. The annual general meeting of the society was subsequently held, and the report of the committee disclosed a very satisfactory state of affairs.

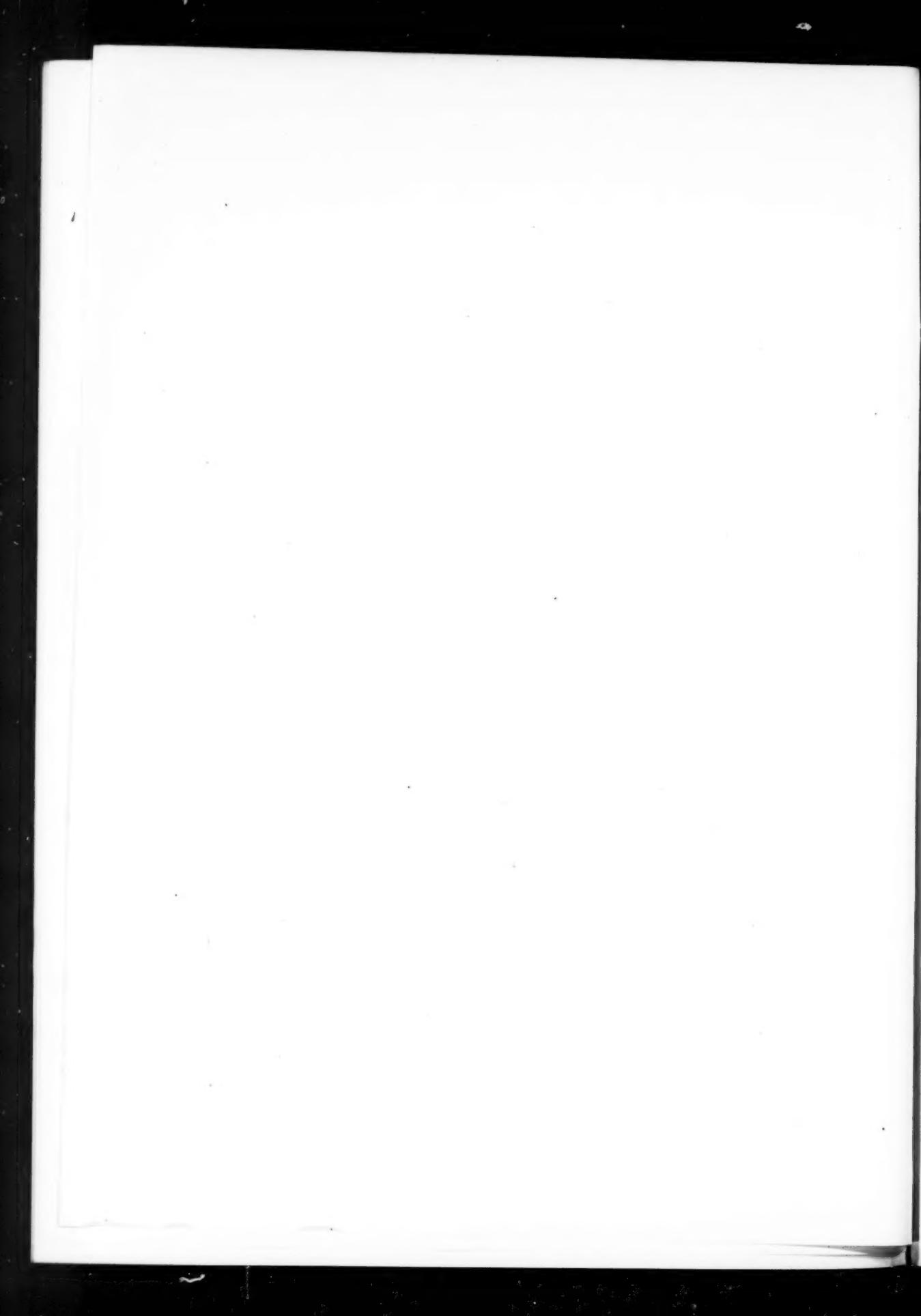
9.—According to legal enactment, the election of Mayors and other officers in the various municipal boroughs took place to-day. In Newcastle, the gentleman unanimously chosen as chief magistrate was Mr. William Sutton, draper, who had acted as Sheriff during the year 1888-89. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 45.) Mr. Benjamin John Sutherland, merchant, and a native of Newcastle, was unanimously appointed Sheriff.

Sutherland was born on the 26th of July, 1833, and entered the Council as one of the members for St. Nicholas' Ward on the 1st of November, 1887. The Mayors elected in the other local boroughs were—Gateshead, Mr. Walter Willson; Jarrow, Mr. L. Harris; Tynemouth, Mr. Alderman John Forster Spence; South Shields, Mr. Joseph Rennoldson; Sunderland, Mr. S. Richardson; Morpeth, Mr. Alderman Wm. Duncan; Durham, Mr. George Blagdon; Darlington, Mr. Henry Thompson; Hartlepool, Mr. Nizey; West Hartlepool, Mr. Alderman Thos. Furness; Stockton, Mr. John Burn; Middlesbrough, Mr. Charles Ephgrave; Berwick, Mr. William Young, with Mr. Joseph Weatherston as Sheriff.

10.—Park Hall, Gateshead, connected with the foundry and electric lighting works of Messrs. Clarke, Chapman, and Co., and formerly the residence of the Ellison family, was destroyed by fire. Park Hall is mentioned in the earlier chapters of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre."



MR. B. J. SUTHERLAND.



Epilogue.

HE present series of the *Monthly Chronicle* closes with the present volume, Vol. V.

The *Monthly Chronicle* was commenced five years ago with the object of collecting and preserving the great wealth of history and tradition, legend and story, poetry and song, dialect and folk-lore, which abounds in the "ancient kingdom of Northumbria." Its readers will be able to say how far this purpose has been carried out.

We have extracted from our local lore and legend all, or nearly all, the best stories that history and tradition have preserved to us, and the publication in its present form will therefore be discontinued.

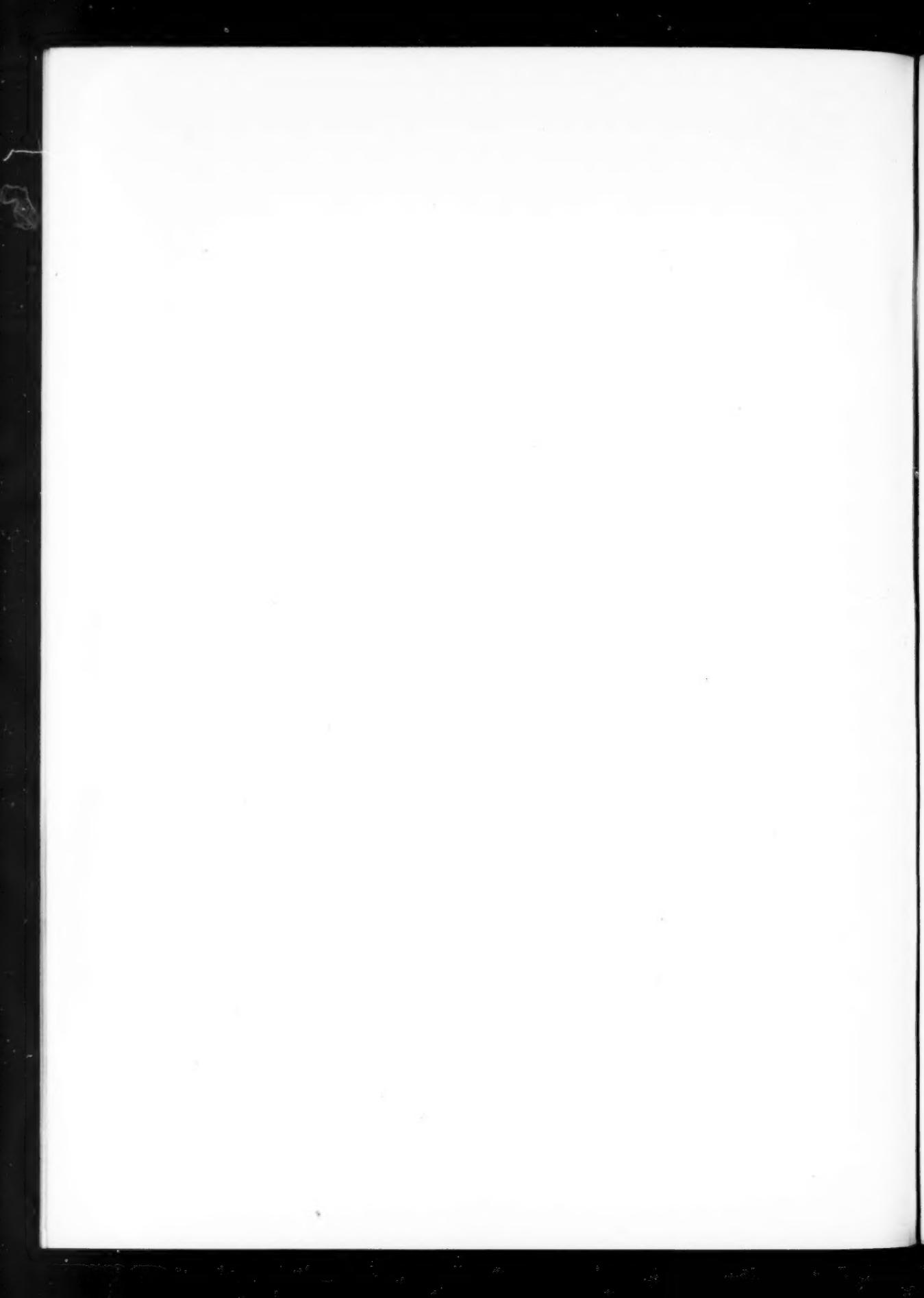
It would have been possible to continue it longer; but the material in that case would have been of a quality inferior to that which will be found in the pages already published.

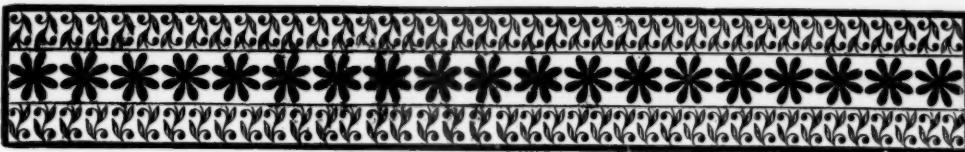
There is appended to the present volume a general index—comprehensive and as nearly complete as possible—to the entire work. This will enable the purchaser of the five volumes to turn up at once a record of any of the legends and romances that form so large a part of North-Country history. It will enable him, too, to find biographical sketches of some of the people who have made the district memorable.

With these five volumes in his possession, the native of the Northern Counties will have at his command by far the best collection of North-Country literature that has ever been got together, besides portraits of many distinguished men and women of the North-Country, as well as pictorial sketches of notable places and scenes in the district.

The Editor proposes to issue monthly a series of volumes dealing with North-Country subjects, modern as well as antiquarian. These volumes will be supplemental to the *Monthly Chronicle*.

It only remains to add that the production of the *Monthly Chronicle* has been for the Editor a labour of love—a labour only now relinquished with regret, and because he is convinced that the work, in its present form, will be more useful to the public than it would have been if he had indefinitely extended it.





The Gathering of Contributors.

(From the "NEWCASTLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE," May 23, 30, 1891.)

The Contributors' Gathering in connexion with the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* proved a marked success. Between four and five hundred contributors responded to the invitation of the editor to take advantage of Whit-Monday (May 18) for the purpose of establishing a bond of sympathy and friendship in the large voluntary staff of the paper. The proceedings began by the reception of guests at the Art Gallery, where introductions were effected by the editor and his assistants. Much interest was taken in the photographic group, the identification of correspondents, well-known by name only, proving an endless source of amusement. The pictures collected by Messrs. Barkas and Son, many of them valuable works of art, were also viewed with pleasure, and special praise was bestowed upon the originals of Mr. Ralph Hedley's famous paintings, "Going Home" and "Geordie and the Bairn." Messrs. Barkas, it may be added, paid every attention to the comfort of the visitors, and the fact that the Art Gallery was placed at the service of the editor showed the warm interest they took in the literary celebration.

At one o'clock a large number of contributors assembled at the Old Castle, free admission to which was kindly granted on the occasion by the committee of the Society of Antiquaries. Here they were received by Mr. J. R. Boyle, F.S.A., the accomplished writer on Northern lore. Mr. Boyle in his address referred to the establishment of the Roman station of *Pons Aelii*, which was to become known in Saxon times as the town of *Monkchester*, and where in 1080 Robert, Duke of Normandy, founded the "new castle on Tyne," to which the town owes its present name. The town itself was fortified by William II., and the castle in that and succeeding reigns was several times besieged. Mr. Boyle then went on to describe the character of the structure, pointing out especially that it was meant not so much for active as for passive defence. He afterwards led the guests through the various apartments, dwelling both upon the architectural features of the keep and the treasures of the museum. Altogether the address was a learned and luminous exposition of Northern history, and was greatly appreciated. After a short visit to the Black Gate, Mr. Boyle conducted the company to the Cathedral, where he briefly detailed the history of the structure. It was founded in 1091 by Osmond, Bishop of Salisbury, afterwards canonized; the nave was rebuilt in 1359, and the choir in 1368; and the lantern tower—which we owe to

Robert Rhodes, a wealthy inhabitant of Newcastle—was built about the year 1435. Then Mr. Boyle described the architecture of the building, and drew the attention of the visitors to the various monuments and relics.

Naturally those associated so closely with the contents of a newspaper desired to see the method of its production. For this every facility had been supplied at the *Chronicle* office, where the contributors and their friends were received at three o'clock, and again at five o'clock, by Mr. R. B. Reed and Mr. Jos. Reed. The guests were conducted through the commercial, literary, and printing departments; the operations of the stereotypers were explained; and in the machine room copies of the *Evening Chronicle* fresh from the press were freely distributed, the whole process occupying about twenty minutes. Much gratification was expressed by the visitors at having been allowed to see how the united efforts of the staff produced, in so short a time, a printed paper.

Mr. Alderman Barkas, Mr. John Duncan, Mr. Howse, and Mr. Wright were meanwhile awaiting the guests at the Natural History Museum. On their arrival the contents of the building were explained in a manner that claimed the attention of all, and the time thus spent seemed all too short when the party set out for Jesmond Dene, the beauties of which, seen with the advantage of a bright spring day, were keenly enjoyed.

The chief event of the day, however, was the conversazione in the Assembly Rooms at Barras Bridge. The contributors here appeared in great force, and, the proceedings being throughout of the most informal character, everyone shared in the enjoyment. The rooms had been tastefully decorated for the occasion, a string band was in attendance, refreshments were abundant, and a spirit of good fellowship pervaded the assembly. It was pleasant to note the hearty greetings exchanged between those who, but for the "Gathering," would probably have never made personal acquaintance. There cannot be a doubt, indeed, that the aim of the undertaking was fully realised. When the speakers ascended the platform, they were received with a storm of applause, and the speechmaking, as will be noted, was highly flattering to all concerned in the production of the *Weekly Chronicle*.

The subsequent proceedings maintained the informal, but no less delightful, character of the "Gathering." Introductions were made on every hand, and names familiar in print became endowed with greater interest in the pleasures of conversation. Music, too, was discoursed at intervals, and amongst those who con-

tributed to the general enjoyment may be mentioned Mrs. Goddard, Madame Tomsett, Miss Kate Shield, Mrs. Richard Smith, Miss Hildegard Werner, Sergeant C. Hall, and Mr. C. H. Stephenson. A considerable amount of attention was bestowed on a collection of curiosities, amongst which were the first number of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* ever printed; the first volume of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, 1764; the first volume of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, 1858; the spectacles of Dr. Brydon, "the last of an army," of Afghan fame; and Robert Burns's spectacle case and nutmeg box, the latter still containing one or two pieces of the nutmeg with which the poet flavoured his toddy. Several of these interesting relics were lent by Mr. W. Sharp, of Newcastle, and Mr. and Miss Macpherson, of South Shields. Mr. William Duncan, an able stenographer closely associated with the development of journalism in Newcastle, exhibited a shorthand copy of the New Testament which he had written in 1871; and Miss Bielski sent a holograph letter of the late George Stephenson, the "father of railways," dated 1843, and written from Tapton House, Chesterfield, where the great engineer spent the remainder of his days. There were also on view a number of interesting Indian curios, collected by Mr. David Wood; a copy of Marat's "Chains of Slavery"; a first edition of Akenside's poems; and the progressive proofs of "Geordie and the Bairn," from the "lay in" to the final stage. Mrs. William Armstrong exhibited the writing-desk of the Rev. John Brand, historian of Newcastle. A special feature was a clever piece of woodcarving by Mr. J. T. Ogilvie, of Newcastle, representing the well-known "Uncle Toby" group. Nor must we omit to mention three rare old books, exhibited by Mrs. J. R. Harrison, of Newcastle. They were (1) "The Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow, Esq., Lieutenant-General" (1640), published in Switzerland 1698; (2) "Every Man's Magazine" for 1771 and 1772, with an authentic portrait of Dr. Samuel Johnson; (3) "The European Magazine" for 1805. An autograph book had been provided; and of this ample use was made during the evening, the result being a very interesting memento of a "Gathering" not likely to be forgotten in the annals of journalism.

During the evening, as stated above, some addresses were delivered from the platform, on which seats were occupied by his Honour, Judge Digby Seymour, Q.C., LL.D., Mr. Richard Welford, Ald. John Lucas (Gateshead), Ald. T. P. Barkas (Newcastle), Mr. C. H. Stephenson (Southport), and Mr. W. E. Adams, editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

Mr. W. E. Adams, in opening the proceedings, was received with applause. He said: The simple, but pleasing, duty devolves upon me of wishing you all a cordial and hearty welcome to this room. (Hear, hear.) It will be known to most of the ladies and gentlemen present how our gathering came about. Perhaps, however, I may be allowed to explain one or two facts in connexion with it. The origin of the movement may be briefly recorded. It was a contributors' movement from the beginning. A letter appeared in the *Weekly Chronicle* in December last suggesting that the ladies and gentlemen who are in the habit of writing to the *Weekly Chronicle* should be favoured with an opportunity of meeting together. It was this letter, written by Mr. Elliott, who afterwards acted as hon. secretary, that led in due time to the present gathering. (Applause.) But six months previous

to the publication of Mr. Elliott's letter a communication suggesting the very same thing had been received from a well-known contributor — Mr. Alfred Spencer, of Workington, better known, perhaps, by his *nom de plume* of Sergeant C. Hall, of Workington. (Hear, hear.) "I think such a proposal," said Mr. Spencer, "has many things to recommend it. It would be something unique in journalism; it would bring your army of contributors into closer fellowship; and it would cause them to take greater interest in each others' productions." This was written in July last; but at that time we did not quite see our way to encourage the idea. When, however, Mr. Elliott wrote to the same effect, we allowed the suggestion to be made public, so that the contributors, whose affair it really was, might have an opportunity of discussing it among themselves. Well, the result was so pronounced an opinion in favour of the project that it was resolved to ask the ladies and gentlemen who would or could attend such a gathering to make known their intentions to the honorary secretary. Three dates were named as likely to be most suitable for the meeting—Easter, Whitsuntide, and Race Week. A sort of vote was taken on the question, which resulted in the fixing of Whit-Monday as the most convenient date for the majority. Thereafter so many letters were received from contributors to the various departments of the *Weekly Chronicle*, residing in almost all parts of the country, that the management of the paper had really no option but to fall in with the wishes of our friends. This, then, is the origin of the movement which has ended in the present assembly. As you are aware, invitations were afterwards issued by the editor to all who had expressed their wishes in the matter, as well as to some others who were thought likely to be interested in it. It was known that many friends from a distance would like to be with us; hence it was determined to make arrangements that would enable them to see some at least of the interesting places in Newcastle, such as the Old Castle, the antiquities at the Black Gate, St. Nicholas' Cathedral, the *Newcastle Chronicle* Offices, the Natural History Museum, Jesmond Dene, and so forth. We have had most luminous and valuable descriptions of the Castle, the Black Gate, and the Cathedral from Mr. Boyle. At the *Chronicle* Office I am afraid you did not see anything like half the interesting features of the establishment, but at another time we may be able to show you more. Then we went to the Natural History Museum, where Alderman Barkas, Mr. John Duncan, and other friends of ours explained the contents as well as the time would permit. (Hear, hear.) So favourable was the response to the invitation of the editor that it was found that between four and five hundred ladies and gentlemen—four hundred and seventy in exact numbers—promised to be with us. As a matter of fact, many more would have come but for circumstances beyond their own control. Age, infirmities, distance from Newcastle, previous and imperative engagements elsewhere—these have prevented the attendance of many contributors who would otherwise have joined in the gathering. Innumerable letters, expressing regret and wishing us a joyful meeting, have of course been received. Among the ladies and gentlemen who have thus been prevented from participating in our festivities I may mention Mrs. George Corbett, Mrs. Arthur Stannard, Mr. George Julian Harney, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, Mr. Bernard Batigan, Mr. Clark Russell, Mr. Hall Caine, and the veteran tragedian, Mr. James Anderson. (Applause.) But distance from Newcastle has not prevented a large number of our friends from journeying hither from widely different parts of the kingdom. The two Northern Counties of Northumberland and Durham are, of course, fully represented here. Of the towns and cities outside these limits I may mention that we have visitors in this room from the following places:—Bradford, Halifax, Blackburn, Rochdale, Preston, Penrith, Workington, Carlisle, Southport, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Farnborough in Hampshire, Watford in Hertfordshire, Stamford in Lincolnshire, Exeter in Devonshire, Cardiff in South Wales. (Applause.) A subordinate part of the general scheme of the gathering was that of

obtaining a photographic group of such of the contributors as cared to be represented in it. As the result of much trouble and anxiety on the part of the hon. secretary, ourselves, and the photographers, there has been produced a very large and handsome picture, copies of which may be seen in the room, containing altogether no fewer than 236 portraits. (Hear, hear.) I am told that our gathering of contributors is an entirely unique affair, that nothing like it has ever occurred in the whole history of journalism. Whether this be so or not, the *Weekly Chronicle* has reason to be proud of the fact, which the presence of so many ladies and gentlemen proves, that it has made intelligent and attached friends in widely separated parts of the kingdom and of the world. (Hear, hear.) It has correspondents in all parts of the earth—Africa, India, South America, North America, and Australia—indeed, all the colonies and dependencies of the British Empire—and the correspondents there keep those who have remained at home informed not only of their own movements, but of the situation and state of affairs in the distant countries to which they have migrated. (Hear, hear.) In that way I dare say the *Weekly Chronicle* fulfills a very interesting and important function. (Applause.) And now, ladies and gentlemen, as you will probably like to hear some of the contributors themselves, I will ask your attention for a few moments for a gentleman who has written so much about men of mark that he may fairly be described as a man of mark himself. (Applause.)

Mr. RICHARD WELFORD, who was warmly received, said he had the greatest possible pleasure in answering the call of their right worthy chief-ruling councillor, and in joining him in giving, as far as was right and proper, as one of the earliest co-workers on the *Newcastle Chronicle*, a cordial welcome and hearty greeting to those present. He did not feel very old, and he did not think his appearance was remarkably venerable. (Laughter.) But at the same time he was delighted to play the part that evening of the oldest inhabitant, and indulge in a five minutes' garrulity about the past and present of the newspaper with which they were associated. For, in spite of appearances, he believed he was one of the oldest, if not the oldest, contributor to its columns. And that night he should be a sort of connecting link between the state of things 35 years ago and the magnificent developments which they were that day celebrating, as Mr. Adams had told them, in the newest fashion in the newest hall in Newcastle. Thirty-five years ago were days of small things, when three men, to use an Americanism, "ran the paper." (Laughter.) There was, of course, the editor, a gentleman who now was the Parliamentary representative of a borough in Lancashire. There was a sub-editor, who also discharged the duties of publisher and might be known to some of them as the successor of John Sykes in the publication of "Local Records of Northumberland and Durham." And there was a reporter and general utility man, whom he need not further describe. (Laughter.) These three did all the writing and clipping, and reporting and the reading of the proofs, including those of the advertisements. (Applause.) As to contributors, he thought a contributors' gathering in those days might have been very comfortably, if not luxuriantly, accommodated in what they called the "editorial den"—(laughter)—which was an apartment measuring, perhaps, 12 feet by 10 feet; for, as far as he could remember, they might have counted on one hand with the thumb left over. (Laughter.) There was a merchant in Newcastle, who, having sat for a few months on the Board of Guardians, felt himself qualified to enlighten his fellow townsmen upon the mysteries and iniquities of the administration of the new Poor Law. There was a literary attorney, whose life and career they might have read. If they had not, they should refer to the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. 5, page so and so. (Laughter.) Then there was a youthful member of a business firm who gave them light and airy articles upon music, poetry, literature, and the fine arts. (Laughter.) And,

lastly, there was a remarkably intelligent secretary of the water company, who wrote them whenever there was an excessive rainfall and whenever it did not rain at all. (Laughter.) Such was the *Weekly Chronicle* thirty-five years ago. What it was to-day they knew pretty much as well as he did, for most of them, he fancied, had laid a brick in the magnificent structure which had been raised on those old foundations. (Applause.) What had happened since then? What had brought about this extraordinary change? Well, a great many things had happened. Part of the change was no doubt attributable to the general progress of the nation, to the removal of stamps and taxes, the cheapening of material, the increased facilities for collecting and distributing news, and especially to the general diffusion of education and intelligence. But principally the change had been wrought by personal exertion and enterprise. (Applause.) At a critical period in its fortunes the *Newcastle Chronicle* changed hands. It came into the possession of an eminent public man—a man of remarkable energy and resource, a man of strong individuality, and he had the happy knack of surrounding himself with men of somewhat similar ideas and aims, and possessing the same courage and resolution. He was not referring, of course, to those other publications that issued from the *Chronicle* Office, and which were of much inferior interest to them—such as the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Evening Chronicle*, and so on—(laughter)—because he expected the next development would be an hourly *Chronicle*; he was referring to their own particular private family newspaper. (Applause.) Mr. Cowen—(loud applause)—had the good fortune of discovering the one man in the United Kingdom who was especially fitted and qualified to raise the fortunes of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*—the "all-roundest" man, the gentlest and most genial editor that ever wielded the destinies of the paper—Mr. Adams—(applause)—he should say the proudest man of mark 'twixt Tyne and Tweed to-day. (Laughter and applause.) Some of the features Mr. Adams introduced into the *Weekly Chronicle* he considered direct inspirations of genius. (Applause.) What an admirable idea it was, for example, to devote a page of the old *Chronicle* to Notes and Queries! He dared say that nine out of every ten of the ladies and gentlemen present owed their title of contributors to that page. In that page they had preserved facts and incidents, biographies and genealogies, which would otherwise probably have been lost and forgotten. That page had been the storehouse which had helped to build up that magnificent fabric of local history and legend, tradition and story—Mr. Adams's latest development, the *Monthly Chronicle*. (Applause.) And what a beautiful conception it was to open out a Children's Corner—(applause)—to start a Dicky Bird Society with its Big Book, its demonstrations, its toy distributions, and its ever-increasing roll of members, now, he supposed, over 200,000, all of them pledged to be kind to all living things! The result of this Corner would be beneficial to succeeding generations. (Applause.) He need not enumerate other striking features which their genial editor had introduced to them—the Lawyer's Corner, the Ladies' Corner, the Open Council, Robin Goodfellow, and his blundering friend Jobson—(applause)—who was supposed to be with them that night *incog.* (Laughter.) They knew with what genial and gentle spirit this work had been conducted. An editorship, he should tell them, was a kind of despotism. It must be so. Newspapers could not be edited by boards of directors and committees of management. But editorial despotism might be tempered by benevolence, by sympathy, and by encouragement, and that was the kind of despotism under which they had all been happy and pleased to serve. (Applause.) As toasts were not in order, he would conclude with a sentiment: May the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* long flourish; may the happy and harmonious relationships which have subsisted between the editor and us, his contributors, long continue; and may the friendships and acquaintanceships which have been begun to-day long endure! (Loud applause.)

Ald. LUCAS said it would be almost an act of ingrati-

tude to come to a gathering like that and not to express their thanks for the most cordial reception they had received there that night. The programme, he understood, that evening was, "A few speeches, but not many; a little music, but not much." Now, as a rule, he preferred music to speeches, and he had found that where there was competition between music and speeches, the music carried the palm. If he violated that rule, he was afraid that instead of being a "man of mark," he should be a marked man. (Laughter.) That gathering was, he believed, quite original. So far as he knew, there had never been such a gathering held in this country; and the man who originated it, he believed, was there that evening, and he ought to feel proud that such an idea entered into his imagination—(applause)—and that the gathering had been so extremely successful. Now they, as contributors, were going to take out a patent. They all knew perfectly well that in literature, in printing, and in publishing there were frequently attempts made to infringe patents, and he thought it was just possible that there might be an attempt to infringe their patent. But there were two things required in order to give any one the power to infringe that patent. The first was that they must possess a popular paper equal in ability, in circulation, with the paper they represented that night. (Applause.) And the second was—and he supposed he would have to say it with a great deal of modesty—that they must possess contributors of equal number and equal ability with those gathered there that evening. He would make bold to say—he did not say it because Mr. Adams was there, but he said it because he believed it to be true—that there was not in the United Kingdom any weekly paper that could be compared for one moment with the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. A newspaper was not built up in a day. His friend Mr. Welford had just told them that it had taken thirty years, and it had required not only the best editor in the country, but the "man of mark" they had in Mr. Welford himself to build up that paper. (Applause.) Wealth could do a great deal in helping to build up a newspaper like that, but he said it with no hesitation, that without ability on the part of the editor when he foresees the wants of the public, it would be equally impossible to make such a paper as they had in the *Weekly Chronicle*. The *Weekly Chronicle*, he was glad to say, was a link between the people who once lived here residing far away from this country and the people who dwelt at home. They looked, he had no doubt, from week to week with great pleasure to receive the paper, and were the unfortunate time to come that the paper should be withdrawn from the public—he did not believe there was any likelihood—he hesitated not to say that one of the greatest calamities that could happen to the people of the North would have taken place. (Applause.) But there was no likelihood of that. He believed in the time to come the paper would be even more successful than it had been in the past; and he thought they might fairly term it not only the *Weekly Chronicle*, but the "*Newcastle Popular Educator*." Although he should, he supposed, speak of the contributors with some modesty, he thought there was no paper in the United Kingdom with so many contributors. He did not know how many contributors Mr. Adams had; he might not have counted them all; but they represented every part of this country, and, he believed, every part of the civilised globe. Wherever the English tongue was spoken, the *Weekly Chronicle* was read, and read with great interest. For his part he was always glad to read what the numerous contributors had to say. They who contributed in their humble way knew that it was more blessed to give than to receive. And they did not do it for mere pleasure; they believed it to be their duty to communicate their ideas to their fellow-men. He did not for one moment wish to take any credit for the valuable assistance the *Weekly Chronicle* had received at their hands; but he said without hesitation that the most interesting part of the paper

was that supplied by the contributors in that room. He wished the *Weekly Chronicle* and its editor every success. He knew how much might be attributed to Mr. Adams himself, but he should not omit to refer also to the respected proprietor, Mr. Jos. Cowen. (Loud applause.) Perhaps there were few men of Mr. Cowen's position who understood journalism better or as well as he did; and it was largely owing to his foresight and his patriotic spirit that that paper had attained the great position it occupied to-day. That gathering would be an interesting one to look back upon in the years to come. He was glad to be there as a humble contributor to ask them to express in some way or other their obligation to the person who suggested the gathering, and to Mr. Adams, to whom they had given so much trouble, and to all who had been in any way instrumental in contributing to the success of the novel and pleasing event. (Applause.)

Mr. C. H. STEPHENSON, of Southport, who was received with loud applause, said: A short time ago, while reading some papers by Max Muller, it struck me that many of his ideas were most pertinent and apt to an occasion like the present. I therefore unhesitatingly proceeded to adapt a few of them to my own purpose. I have no doubt our worthy editor, and many now before me, have had the question put to them, "What's the good of a contributors' gathering?" Now, few men like to be questioned as to what business they have to exist, yet, do what we will, either singly or by arrangement with others, the world rarely fails to put the query, "Dic cur hic?" Why are you here? As briefly as may be, I will endeavour to reply to such inquisitive people, and attempt to show that our gathering is not a mere casual bringing together of barren atoms, but that we are at least literary monads, each with his own self, and force, and will, with determination to help in working out a common purpose for the achievement of some real and lasting good. (Applause.) Although I am not what is commonly termed a society man, I am, like most of you—capable of appreciating the delights and benefits of social intercourse with horny-handed, hard-working, and honest-thinking men, face to face, mind to mind. Therefore this gathering certainly seems to answer a very worthy purpose, if only by bringing together fellow-workers from various parts, and by that means changing merely favourite names and signatures into pleasant companions, and gratifying that rational and very proper curiosity (which most readers feel after the perusal of a really good book) to see what the man looks like who could win such a triumph over our feelings. (Applause.) True as all this is, and pleasant to ourselves, is it a sufficient excuse in the eyes of the world for our gathering? To satisfy the outer world, that we have and are doing something worthy of being gathered together, we, of course, point to the columns of the *Chronicle*, which are eagerly read in all corners of the globe; with pride we refer the world to the doings of "Uncle Toby" and his D.B.S., the gathering together of Men of Mark, of Northumberland Words, Robin Goodfellow and his Gossipp's Bowl, and the writings to be found in Open Council, and the discussions they elicit. (Applause.) With a vein of quiet humour, or a tinge of malice, the world at large may express concern at the waste of "oil and vinegar" occasioned by either too much hollow praise, or too much wrangling and ill-natured abuse in our literary tournaments, and still persist in asking, "Why are you here?" "Why are you not in your workshops?" It seems to me, and, doubtless, to you all, the real and permanent value of this gathering is two-fold. First, it enables us to take stock, as it were, by comparing notes and seeing where we are, and to discover, if possible, the way we ought to be going. Secondly, it affords us an opportunity of telling the world where we are, what we have been and are doing for the world, and what, in return, we expect the world to do for us by extending the circulation of the *Chronicle* and enlarg-

ing its grand roll-call of contributors. (Applause.) Coleridge divides readers into four classes—1. Sponges, who absorb all they read, and return it early in the same state, only a little dirty. 2. Sand-glasses, who retain nothing, and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time. 3. Strange bags, who retain merely the dregs of what they read. 4. Mogul diamonds, equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also. Now I venture to claim the fourth class—"Mogul diamonds"—as the status of the contributors to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. And why? Because their chief charm is, they never become entirely absorbed or bewildered by special research, but keep their eyes steadily on the higher objects of all human knowledge; and with laudable industry and unwavering hands endeavour to trace the vast outlines of the cosmos of nature or the cosmos of the mind. To my way of thinking it is quite right that this should be so. We know that all rills, brooks, and rivers are destined to flow into the sea, so must all special knowledge—to preserve it from stagnation—have an outlet into the general knowledge of the world. I remember Max Müller (to whom I am indebted for much of what I have already said) once asserting that knowledge, for its own sake, as it is sometimes called, is the most dangerous idol that a student can worship. We despise the miser who amasses money for the sake of money, but still more contemptible is the intellectual miser who hoards up knowledge instead of spending it, though with regard to most of our knowledge, we may be well assured and satisfied that, as we brought nothing into the world, so we may carry nothing out. These words made a deep impression on my mind at the time; I have since come to consider them a mountain of truth. A gathering such as ours guards us from mistaking the means for the end, or working for ourselves instead of labouring for others; it tends to draw us out of our shells, so to speak, it shunts us out of our siding of common routine, draws us away from that small orbit of thought in which each of us moves day by day; but once we find ourselves on the main line we suddenly realise more fully that there are other stars moving all around us in our little universe, that we all belong to one celestial system, or to one terrestrial commonwealth, working with one another for one another, guided by common principles, striving after common purposes, and sustained by common sympathies which enable us to work harmoniously together. It is in this respect I trust our gathering will prove of special benefit. I cannot do better than conclude these few words with Max Müller's translation of the last lines of the last hymn of the *Veda*:—"Come together! Speak together! Let your minds be concordant . . . Let your endeavour be the same! Let your hearts be the same! Let your minds be the same, and it may go well with you." I have done. (Loud applause.)

Ald. BARKAS, F.G.S., said he would like an opportunity to say a few words which he had not had the opportunity to say that afternoon in the Natural History Museum. He had no doubt that they all agreed about the virtues of the *Weekly Chronicle*, and he would therefore say a few words about the Museum. Ald. Barkas then explained that the building was erected at a cost of £40,000, and referred to the great work done in connexion with it by the late Mr. John Hancock as regarded the birds' section, and by Mr. Athey in the collection of coal fossils. A large number of people came from Europe, America, Australia, and elsewhere for the purpose of studying the contents of the Museum. The charge for admission was only threepence for adults and one penny for children, and the value of the Museum could not be too well known, not only among the people of Newcastle, but of the district at large. (Applause.)

His Honour Judge SEYMOUR, Q.C., LL.D., who was heartily received, said he might attribute the position which he occupied as last speaker to his habitual position, as he was best known either in the criminal court or in the civil business of Newcastle—(laughter)—as summing up

the evidence. Addressing himself to that duty, the worthy alderman, who had such a natural disposition to dwell upon the merits of the Museum, which owed so much to him, to his taste, and to the untiring devotion which he had given to that unexampled collection, would forgive him if he said that all the birds in the museum could not draw him from the claims of the little dicky birds that whistled in the *Weekly Chronicle*. He was rejoiced as a contributor—an involuntary contributor to the columns of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*—in being present at their gathering. In laying down the law they were subject to alterations or confirmation by the higher courts in London where it appeared in record against them, and some of them might recognise his name as sometimes appearing in these columns, whether in connexion with the Lawyer's Corner or with other matters in the history and life of Newcastle. But it was not on that account alone that he took an interest in the *Weekly Chronicle*. From a long experience, he would say that he knew no paper of all the journals that he had ever read or studied, or been educated by, which combined in its weekly issue greater claims upon the respect, the esteem, and the confidence of the public and its contributors. (Applause.) He knew of no paper which was managed with greater liberality of sentiment, or with greater independence of character. He knew no paper which took care to draw the happy medium between honest and often severe criticism and that personal spite and rancour which was sometimes not sufficiently kept in subjugation by those who called themselves the literary critics of the day—(applause)—and hence, beginning in a small way, in the year, he believed, so far back as 1764, they found it extending its wings until it burst forth, the product of many years of experience; and then with a touch of genius and the power of wealth, the spirit of manhood and the power and inspiration of his own eloquence and his own character, their valued friend Mr. Joseph Cowen—(cheers)—touched as it were the slumbering materials of the past, and the *Weekly Chronicle* rose like the phoenix to occupy the proud and glorious position it had achieved to-day. (Cheers.) While much of the columns of that paper was most dear and attractive to them, he sometimes had the curiosity to read the productions signed by the familiar name of "Geraldine" in the Ladies' Corner. Only that day he interested himself in reading some of her revelations with regard to the modern fads or inventions of society life in London, and he was a good deal astonished to find one contribution from which he understood, on undoubted authority, that now in fashionable circles in London at tea gatherings the little dogs of the aristocracy had their cups of tea and plates of bread and butter. (Laughter.) He referred to that as illustrating the keen eye she kept, not merely on the virtues, but on the foibles of the sex she belonged to. But of all the contributions to the paper that delighted him, he liked the post-bag of "Uncle Toby." He read that through, and the correspondence of "Father Chirpie," and he believed he betrayed no secret if he said that he had the honour of standing on the same platform with the united characters, "Uncle Toby" and "Father Chirpie," in the person of Mr. W. E. Adams. (Applause.) He was not a phrenologist, but he would say that, if ever there was a human cranium on which the bump of benevolence was conspicuously developed, it was on the head and shoulders of his friend Mr. Adams. Well might that gentleman be proud of the reception they had given him and the welcome accorded him. Well might he look with pride on that record where two hundred thousand names were inscribed to carry down to perpetuity the work he had done. Why should not each name be multiplied in its influence by ten? The child influenced the brother and the sister, the child influenced the playmates around the cottage and the castle, the child influenced the mother at whose knee he learned his first letters, and the child influenced the father by some happy sentiment or thought. Was he calculating too much when he set down each child as

influencing ten living souls within the range of its influence? Multiplied by ten, 200,000 came to two million people, more or less benefited, taught the practical work of philanthropy, taught Christianity in its most essential and elementary form, in the love for humanity and affection for the lower classes of the brute creation. (Hear, hear.) The man who had done that was worthy of the respect and welcome which had been shown him that night. This brought him back to his pledge and duty. How should he sum up the spirit of the sentiment with which all were animated that night? Were they not all of one opinion that the *Weekly Chronicle* was worthy of respect and applause as a paper worthy of the very best history of English journalism? Were they not all united in this—that those who had controlled the fortunes of that paper had manfully, nobly, and unflinchingly done their duty? (Applause.) Were they not all united in this—that upon that occasion on which they were assembled, whether as contributors or as friends of that great paper, it was of all others a happy time and an inspiring occasion to say God-speed to those who set that work in motion, and who, in the words of a previous speaker, set an example of liberality in journalism and purity in criticism? Long might Mr. Adams and his confreres be spared to set the example to journalism all over the world of that spirit of charity, of liberality, and of true humanity which ought to characterise the word as well as the pen of every man who was identified with the great cause of journalism in this century. (Applause.) Would they allow him, in their name, to turn round and convey that compliment to Mr. Adams, and assure him of the delight which they had experienced in their visit, and the fact that the happiest memory would be the recollection of having met, face to face, the man and his confreres to whom they owed so much of literary edification, and by whom all had been so much benefited as readers and contributors of the paper that Mr. Adams inspired? (Applause.)

Mr. ADAMS said he did not deserve one half of what Judge Seymour had said. His Honour had let out what he supposed his Honour would consider a secret—he referred to his remarks about "Uncle Toby." He (Mr. Adams) was very much astonished at that, and would not have been more astonished if his Honour had said he was the Grand Old Plumber himself. (Laughter.) Who the Grand Old Plumber was, who "Uncle Toby" was, and who "Father Chirpie" was, he begged them to believe, notwithstanding all that had been said, was still very much of a mystery. (Laughter and applause.)

The musical programme was then commenced, after which

Mr. GEO. HALLIWELL, Seaham Harbour, in a humorous speech, gave the health of Jobson, the grand old plumber, which he coupled with the name of Mr. Adams.

Mr. ADAMS said the old gentleman was about somewhere, and he would convey to him Mr. Halliwell's sentiments.

Mr. A. B. WAKEFIELD, at the conclusion of the proceedings, said he was much indebted to the kindness of the gentlemen who had undertaken the great responsibility of organising that splendidly successful gathering. It was the first of its kind, as many had said, and he hoped it would not be the last opportunity the contributors to the *Weekly Chronicle* would have of meeting together. (Loud applause.) He asked them all to conclude the entertainment by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

This was heartily done, and the conversazione terminated.

List of the Visitors.

The following is an alphabetical list of the ladies and gentlemen who accepted the Editor's invitation:—

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Allan, Sunderland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Adams, Heaton, Newcastle.

Mr. Thomas Allan, Osborne Avenue, Newcastle.

Mr. R. W. Adams, 37, Burton Street, Newcastle.

Mr. Theo. Arthur, 1, Dock Street, Hull.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hordon Askew, 5, Victoria Terrace, Whitley.

Miss Anderson, 16, Lo'aine Place, Newcastle.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Adams, Holly Avenue, Newcastle.

Mr. Horace Adams, Holly Avenue, Newcastle.

Miss Ada Eveline Adams, Holly Avenue, Newcastle.

Mr. James Anderson, 31, Cannon Street, Newcastle.

Miss Lucy Andersen, Haldane House, Newcastle.

Miss Mitford E. Anderson, 6, William Street, North Shields.

Mr. F. W. Armstrong, Chester-le-Street.

Dr. A. P. Arnald, Regent House, Gateshead.

Mr. John Avery, Christon Bank, Chathill.

Miss M. L. M. Atkinson, 15, Kenilworth Road, Newcastle.

Mrs. Wm. Armstrong, 58, Leazes Terrace, Newcastle.

Mr. W. P. M. Allison, 14, Wouldehave Street, South Shields.

Ald. T. P. Barkas, Newcastle.

Rev. J. R. Boyle, F.S.A., and Mrs. Boyle, Low Fell.

Mr. and Mrs. James Birkett, 37, Heaton Park Road, Newcastle.

Mr. W. L. Byers, 51, West Sunniside, Sunderland.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bell, Cambus.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Bell, 26, Elsdon Road, South Gosforth.

Mr. W. J. Barnes, Hexham.

Miss E. M. Barker, The Manse, Scalby.

Mr. B. Boynes, Windy Nook.

Mrs. Burt, 19, Ridley Terrace, Scotswood.

Mr. John C. Bell, 46, Third Street, Bensham.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Baterden, 54, Brighton Grove, Newcastle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bailey, 7, Grange Terrace, Grange Town, Sunderland.

Mr. Wm. Bourn, Whickham.

Mr. W. M. Brabyn, 2, Cardigan Terrace, Heaton.

Mr. William Bell, 72, London Street, Glasgow.

Mr. C. R. Bamforth, 24, Mowbray Street, Heaton.

Miss H. Brown, 12, Stannington Avenue, Heaton.

Miss Tereza Bielski, 2, Gloucester Terrace, Newcastle.

Mr. Fred. G. Bowles, Fountain House, West Hartlepool.

Mr. Robert Scott Blair, Poplar Cottage, Longbenton.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Boag, 22, Ashfield Terrace, Newcastle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gillis Brown, High Street, Sunderland.

Mr. George B. Butler, 42, Ramsey Street, West Hartlepool.

Mr. G. W. S. Brewer, Lyons Street, Hetton Downs, Fence Houses.

Mr. Forster Brown, 17, Ridley Villas, Newcastle.

Rev. J. F. Buss and Mrs. Buss, 30, Crown Street, Newcastle.

Mr. A. Burgess, 45, Ravensdowne, Berwick-on-Tweed.

Mr. Joseph Cowen, Jun., Blaydon-on-Tyne.

Miss Jane Cowen, Blaydon-on-Tyne.

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Mr. Henry Calasca, 211, Jefferson Street, Newcastle.

Mr. John L. Currie, 4, Portland Place, Blackburn.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Clark, 45, Cromwell Street, Newcastle.

Mr. W. C. Charlton, Ouston Colliery, Chester-le-Street.

Mr. Fred. H. Clow, Melmerby, Langwathby, Cumberland.

Mr. Frank Carr, Walker-on-Tyne.

Mr. F. J. Carr, Walker-on-Tyne.

Miss Coxon, London.

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Miss E. L. Connell, 3, Shaftebury Place, Gateshead.

Mr. James Craig, 139, Westgate Road, Newcastle.

Miss Jeanie H. Chalmers, Bellvue Park, Sunderland.

Mr. Robert Carruthers, Stamford Post, Stamford, Lincolnshire.

Mr. R. Clancey, 189, King's Cross Road, London.

Mr. W. W. Davison, Black's Building, Alnwick.

Mr. John Duncan, 24, Bigg Market, Newcastle.

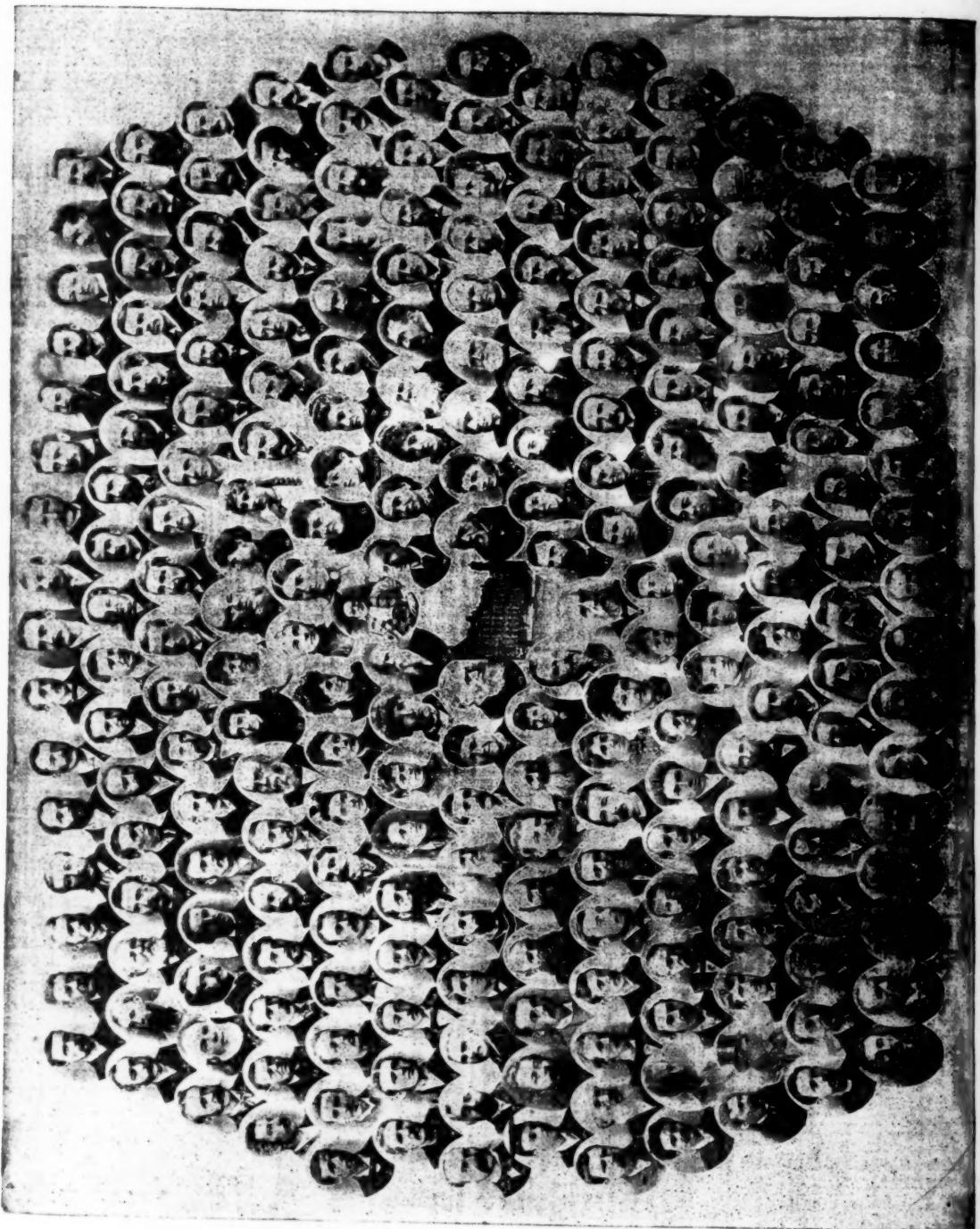
Mr. R. W. Dixon, 37, Milton Street, Newcastle.

Mr. and Mrs. Dodds, 14, Bentinck Crescent, Newcastle.

Mr. Thomas C. H. Dumville, Low Throston, West Hartlepool.

Mr. Thomas Dunlop, Ryhope Station, Sunderland.

- Miss L. Davidson, Newton Hall, Felton.
 Mr. and Mrs. James Devlin, Low Row, Carlisle.
 Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Duncan, 19, Queen's Terrace, Jesmond.
 Miss Mary Dixon, 40, Albion Street, Newcastle.
 Mr. W. H. Dircks, 4, Wardle Terrace, Newcastle.
 Mr. H. Drummond, Hetton-le-Hole.
 Mr. J. F. Dunn, Close House, Wylam.
 Mr. and Mrs. Dröge, Tynemouth.
 Mr. and Mrs. W. Duncan, 35, Larkspur Terrace, Newcastle.
 Mr. and Mrs. D. Denholm, 71, Crown Street, Newcastle.
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 Mr. James Davenport, St. Thomas's Terrace, Newcastle.
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 Mr. Fred. Wm. Forbes, 37, Ancren Street, Newcastle.
 Mr. Christian Forster, Saw Mill Terrace, Hexham.
 Mrs. Goddard, Ashburton Crescent, Gosforth.
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 Mr. William Gunn, 15, Henry Street, Newcastle.
 Mr. David Gordon, 2, Shaftesbury Place, Gateshead.
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 Miss Evangeline Gascoigne, Wallsend.
 Miss Gerda Grass, West Hartlepool.
 Mr. J. L. Garvin, 37, Rosedale Terrace, Newcastle.
 Mr. Fred. M. Gascoigne, 27, Eldon Street, Newcastle.
 Mr. R. Granger, Stella Gill, Pelton Fell.
 The Rev. Mr. Hancock, Mrs. M. S. Hancock, and Miss Augusta Hancock, Ven. Bede Vicarage, Monkwearmouth.
 Mr. G. W. Nugent Hopper, Houghton-le-Spring.
 Mr. John A. Haswell, Low Fell, Gateshead.
 Mr. Geo. Hall, Bewick Road, Gateshead.
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 Mr. John Hume, Earlsdon.
 Miss Florence Harrison, 30, Belvedere Street, Heaton.
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 Mr. T. Y. Howcroft, Martin Road, Middlesbrough.
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 Mr. E. Hardy, Victoria Cottages, Butterknowle, Darlington.
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irwin, Grosvenor House, Monkseaton.
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jackson, 54, Waller Street, Heaton.
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 Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson, 59, Pilgrim Street, Murton Colliery.
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 Mrs. Thos. Jackson, Pegswood.
 Mr. and Miss Jurgenson, Portland Terrace, Newcastle.
 Mr. W. Jackson, 152, Albert Road, Jarrow.
 Mr. Robert Joel, 82, Portland Road, Newcastle.
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 Mr. S. Kitching, 7, Salter's Road, Gosforth.
 Mr. John W. Kirby, Escombe, Bishop Auckland.
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 Mr. T. W. Little, Mickley Square, Stocksfield.
 Ald. John Lucas and Mrs. Lucas, Low Fell, Gateshead.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lawson, 83, Brunell Terrace, Newcastle.
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 Mr. and Mrs. John Leblique, 28, Batey Terrace, Gateshead.
 Mrs. Janet Lindsey, 12, Pont Street, Newcastle.
 Miss S. E. Lump, Triangle, Halifax.
 Mr. Thomas Lawson, Town Hall, Newcastle.
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 Miss Louisa M. Macready, Tremadoc.
 Mr. John Mundill, 19, Lily Crescent, Newcastle.
 The Rev. W. A. McGonigle, St. Cuthbert's Vicarage, Monkwearmouth.
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 Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Maddison, Nesham Place, Houghton-le-Spring.
 Mr. Wm. Moor, Hetton-le-Hole.
 Mr. Arthur W. Millar, Mildred Street, Otley Road, Bradford.
 Mr. Robert D. Matley, Rochdale.
 Mr. Thos. Marshall, 9, Rokeby Street, Sunderland.
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 Mr. John A. Metcalfe, Guisborough.
 Mr. I. Geo. Maguire, Gateshead.
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 Mr. John Martin, Ireland.
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 Lieut. and Mrs. John Eyre Macklin, Westgate Road, Newcastle.
 Mrs. A. Garland Mears and Miss Mears, West Hartlepool.
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 Mrs. W. T. Moor and Miss Moor, 32, Hawthorn Street, Newcastle.
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 Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Nicholson, 8, North View, Heaton.
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 Miss Alice Philpott, Graingerville, Newcastle.
 Mr. J. Pescod, Low Fell, Gateshead.
 Mr. Wm. Jobling Pool, 17, North View, Heaton.
 Mr. James Pool, 17, North View, Heaton.
 Mr. T. A. Pickering, 13, Peterborough Street, Gateshead.
 Mr. W. K. Punshon, Farnborough, Hants.





Arrangements have been made to enable contributors from a distance to visit places of interest in
the City, - St Nicholas' Cathedral, the Old Castle, the Black Gate Museum, the Natural History Museum,
the Chronicle Office, Jesmond Dene, &c

Please reply not later than May 11th to
G.G. Elliott, Hon. Secretary,
4, Sidney Grove,
Newcastle upon Tyne.

Refreshments at the Assembly Rooms
from 6.30 p.m. to 10 p.m.

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 Mr. John Robinson, 7, Choppington Street, Newcastle.
 Mr. John Howell-Waller, 55, South Terrace, Wallsend.
 Mr. Wm. Robson, Penshaw.
 Mr. Burdus Redford, 11, Summerhill Street, Newcastle.
 Mr. James Russell, 29, Buck Lane, Low Fell.
 Captain and Mrs. A. Romler, 38, Burdon Terrace, Newcastle.
 Mr. James F. Robinson, Burnopfield.
 Mr. and Mrs. Wigham Richardson, Wingrove House, Newcastle.
 Mrs. S. Raper, Thirsk, Yorkshire.
 Mr. H. W. Richardson, Seaham Harbour.
 Misses Edith and Lily Rutter, Roseville, Durham.
 Mr. Geo. Rule, 2, Queen Ann's Terrace, Gateshead.
 Miss Annie Rule, Radnor Road, Cardiff.
 Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Robson, West Herrington, Sunderland.
 Mr. Andrew Reid, 1, Park Terrace, Newcastle.
 Mr. and Mrs. T. Read, 28, Fenkle Street, Alnwick.
 Mr. Hugh R. Roddam, 17, William Street West, North Shields.
 Mr. Robt. Rutherford, 12, Manchester Lane, Morpeth.
 Mr. John R. Robinson, 25, Peacock Street, Middlesbrough.
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 Mr. J. B. Redfearn, 176, Manchester Road, Bradford.
 Mr. H. D. Roberts, Durham.
 Mr. and Mrs. Tom Robson, 41, High Street, Exeter.
 Miss Millie Ritson, 27, Lovaine Crescent, Newcastle.
 Mrs. and Miss Ruddock, Chelsea Cottage, Newcastle.
 Mr. Daniel Scott, *Observer* Office, Penrith.
 Mr. Percy Strzelecki, 20, Grasmere Street, Gateshead.
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Xavier Sykes, Hartington Street, Newcastle.
 Mr. John Stokoe, Westoe, South Shields.
 Mr. Thomas Stevenson, Scotland Gate, Choppington.
 Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Spencer, 74, Senhouse Street, Workington.
 Mr. E. and Miss Alice Sutherland, Market Place, Durham.
 Mr. Wm. Jos. Smith, Flas, Durham.
 Mr. W. L. Stobart, 133, Beaconsfield Street, Newcastle.
 Miss Kate Shield, 19, Cromwell Grove, West Kensington Park, London.
 Mr. and Mrs. Luke Smart, 80, Parker Street, Heaton.
 Mr. Fred. W. Southey, 48, Stanton Street, Newcastle.
 Mr. and Mrs. Edward Shew Brooks, Eslington Terrace, Newcastle.
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 Mr. and Mrs. Richard Smith, 14, Grosvenor Road, Newcastle.
 Mr. Wm. Smith, 126, Tynemouth Road, Heaton.
 Mr. C. H. Stephenson, 22, Sefton Street, Southport.
 Mr. Fisher Shaw, 17, Meldon Street, Newcastle.
 Mr. W. and Miss Sharp, Leazes Terrace, Newcastle.
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 Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Soutter, Miss Jessie Soutter, 1, Clyde Terrace, Bishop Auckland.
 Mr. A. F. Morland Simpson, Fettes College, Edinburgh.
 Mrs. Simpson, 3, Claremont Terrace, Newcastle.
 Mrs. A. L. Sutherland, 54, Ferry Avenue, Newcastle.
 Miss Jean F. Terry, Newton Hall, Stocksfield-on-Tyne.
 Mr. J. B. Taylor, Pittington, Durham.
 Mr. Jas. Turnbull, 9, Victoria Terrace, Low Fell.
 Mr. E. J. Telford, Wyham-on-Tyne.
 Mr. W. W. Tomlinson, 1, Victoria Villas, Whitley.
 Miss Emily Turner, 86, Salter's Road, Gosforth.
 Mr. Walter B. Thomas, Ford, Cornhill-on-Tweed.
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 Mr. J. W. Taylor, 81, Camborne Grove, Gateshead.
 Mr. Thomas Taylor, Dunston.
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 Mr. and Mrs. John Teasdale, 50, Normanton Terrace, Newcastle.
 Mr. W. Towers, Havelock Street, Felling-on-Tyne.
 Mr. D. W. Tulloch, 40, New Elvet, Durham.
 Mr. J. Umpleby, 58, Hedley Street, Sunderland.
 Mr. T. Burrell Vasey, Fence Houses.

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 Miss Welford, Thornfield Villa, Gosforth.
 Mr. and Mrs. James Williamson, St. John's Street, York.
 Miss Hildegard Werner, 147, Northumberland Street, Newcastle.
 Mr. A. B. Wakefield, The Green, Hipperholme, Yorkshire.
 Mr. T. Willis, 9, Vine Lane, Newcastle.
 Mr. and Mrs. David Wood, 65, Hamsterley Road, Newcastle.
 Mr. J. V. Wedderburn, 65, Hartington Street, Newcastle.
 Mr. Jas. C. Wilson, 39, Blenheim Street, Newcastle.
 Mr. John W. Watkins, Low Crook, Egglestone.
 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Winter, 65, Coronation Street, Sunderland.
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 Mr. Robert Wood, 32, Hedley Terrace, Newcastle.
 Mr. R. J. Wilkinson, 57, Warwick Street, Heaton.
 Dr. Adam Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, Oshorne House, Newcastle.
 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wood, 160, Tamworth Road, Newcastle.
 Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Lily Crescent, Newcastle.
 Mrs. Mary White, 98, Cromwell Street, Newcastle.
 Miss White, Bishop Auckland.
 Mr. John Wilson and Miss Wilson, Leazes Park.
 Mr. Morton Weatherly, Pelton Fell.
 Mr. J. B. Walton, 2, Hexham Street, Bishop Auckland.
 Mr. T. Willan, 5, Railway Street, Walker.
 Mr. W. and Miss Walworth, Newcastle.
 Mr. George Watson, 18, Wordsworth Street, Penrith.
 Mr. Edward Watson, Brotton Mines, Yorkshire.
 Mr. Samuel Warner, 88, Harbottle Street, South Byker.
 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Yellowly, 27, Winchester Street, South Shields.
 Miss Frances A. Young, 53, Percy Gardens, Tynemouth.
 Mr. Oliver Young, 95, Stanhope Street, Newcastle.
 Mrs. B. Yates, Carley Place, Southwick.

The Photographic Group.

A large and handsome group of photographic portraits, representing 236 contributors to the *Weekly Chronicle*, was taken by Messrs. A. and G. Taylor, photographers to the Queen, as a memento of the occasion. It is reproduced in miniature on page 8 of this pamphlet. The following are the names and pen-names of the ladies and gentlemen whose portraits appear in the group :—

- 1.—James Turnbull (Kenelm), Low Fell, Gateshead.
- 2.—John Duncan, Artist and Naturalist, Newcastle.
- 3.—Charles Xavier Sykes (Xavier), Newcastle.
- 4.—J. R. Baterden (Cestria), Newcastle.
- 5.—Arthur W. Millar, Bradford.
- 6.—G. Wilson, Gateshead.
- 7.—Thos. G. Carr (Thos. Guthrie), Newcastle.
- 8.—W. V. Dobinson, Newcastle.
- 9.—J. T. Wilson, Newcastle.
- 10.—Caleb H. Angus (Hoopoe), Horsham, Sussex.
- 11.—Walter B. Thomas, Ford, Cornhill-on-Tweed.
- 12.—Robert Dunn (The Dragon, Alnwick), London.
- 13.—N. Fitzgerald, Gray's-on-Thames.
- 14.—Christian Forster (Christian December), Hexham.
- 15.—Theo. Arthur, Hull.
- 16.—Jas. Russell, Low Fell, Gateshead.
- 17.—John Harbottle, Gateshead.
- 18.—Wm. Douglas (W. D., Lowestoft), Bournemouth.
- 19.—Ephraim Sutherland, Durham.
- 20.—John Hall, Newcastle.
- 21.—John Hume, Earsdon.
- 22.—James Pool (Ano Inno), Heaton, Newcastle.
- 23.—J. R. Boyle, F.S.A., Low Fell, Gateshead.
- 24.—W. J. Frater, Gosforth, Newcastle.
- 25.—Sergt. Wm. Railton, Carlisle.

- 26.—Fredk. Harle (Young Wylain), Willington.
 27.—W. Longstaff, London.
 28.—H. Dellow, London.
 29.—J. Nigel Kitching (Nigel, York), Bootham, York.
 30.—Wm. Irving, Artist, Newcastle.
 31.—W. W. Davison (Ergo), Alnwick.
 32.—Wm. W. Tomlinson, Whitely.
 33.—Alfred Spencer (Sergeant C. Hall), Workington.
 34.—Wm. Young, London.
 35.—P. Wardropper (Friday), Cullercoats.
 36.—Alfred Janes, Camberwell, London.
 37.—R. S. White, Stockton.
 38.—Duncan Salton, Edinburgh.
 39.—J. C. Wilson (Cambria), Newcastle.
 40.—J. S. Naylor, Keighley.
 41.—J. H. Elgie, West Hartlepool.
 42.—Jos. Ritson, London.
 43.—S. Davidson (Sam), Newcastle.
 44.—D. Scott (Pip), Penrith.
 45.—E. Le Averne (Avernus, Paris), Paris.
 46.—M. Robinson, Ferryhill.
 47.—J. Embleton Smith, Leyton, Essex.
 48.—C. P. Hale (Pascoe), London.
 49.—Jas. Williamson (Sidney Maskery), York.
 50.—H. W. Richardson (H. W. R.), Seaham Harbour.
 51.—R. Johnson, Murton Colliery.
 52.—W. Murray (Rolf), Leicester.
 53.—Jas. F. Robinsen, Burnopfield Colliery, Durham.
 54.—W. Bell, Glasgow.
 55.—J. B. Redfearn (Scardeburgh), Bradford.
 56.—Jos. Lowery, Buckhurst Hill, London.
 57.—C. R. Bamforth, Heaton, Newcastle.
 58.—Alderman T. P. Barkas, Newcastle.
 59.—Miss C. Barnard, London.
 60.—Mrs. J. R. Harrison (Jad Hood), Newcastle.
 61.—Johnson (Retired Plumber), The Eower.
 62.—Miss Annie Rule, Cardiff.
 63.—Miss Gerda Grass (Minnie Meagles), W. Hartlepool.
 64.—Geo. G. Elliott (Tyne), Newcastle.
 65.—Wm. Fenwick (Coaly Tyne), Newcastle.
 66.—Thomas B. Allen, Portsmouth.
 67.—David Wood (Ood Sahib), Newcastle.
 68.—W. M. Cruickshanks (Heworth, York), York.
 69.—Robt. Rennie (Hotspur), Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.
 70.—Wm. Jones (Pen-Dinas), Ryton-on-Tyne.
 71.—Luke Smart, Byker.
 72.—H. E. Jaxone, Luton.
 73.—T. Nixon, Dudley Colliery, Northumberland.
 74.—A. B. Wakefield, Hipperholme, Yorkshire.
 75.—J. Stopford, Bradford.
 76.—T. Yates Howcroft, Middlesbrough.
 77.—Mrs. E. I. Pocknell (Bessie P.), London.
 78.—Miss Florence Harrison (F. L. O.), Newcastle.
 79.—Margery Lee, Newcastle.
 80.—Miss Louisa M. Macready (Wanderer), Tremadoc.
 81.—Miss Jane Cowen, Blaydon.
 82.—Mrs. Arthur Stannard (John Strange Winter).
 83.—Mrs. J. Hope Johnstone, London.
 84.—Miss Grace E. Moore (Meg), Hetton-le-Hole.
 85.—J. W. Watkin (Fabian), Egglecliffie.
 86.—John Wilson, Leazes Park, Newcastle.
 87.—Fred Bowles (Percy Vere), West Hartlepool.
 88.—C. C. Cole (Champion), Coventry.
 89.—T. Robson, ('Xeter), Exeter.
 90.—John Baily Walton, Bishop Auckland.
 91.—R. W. Adams, Byker, Newcastle.
 92.—Jos. Smith (Jehu), Fllass, Durham.
 92A.—T. A. Pickering, Gateshead.
 93.—John B. Lawson, Newcastle.
 94.—Wm. Cartwright Newsam, Bisley, Surrey.
 95.—Thos. Lawson, Cotherstone, Yorkshire.
 96.—Mrs. Janet Lindsey (Hyacinth), Newcastle.
 97.—Mrs. A. Garland Mears, West Hartlepool.
 98.—James R. Anderson, Tragedian, London.
 99.—Uncle Toby.
 100.—W. Clark Russell, Bath.
 101.—Mrs. Annie Fenton (Justice), London.
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 103.—Wm. Trotter (The Farmer), Stocksfield-on-Tyne.
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 106.—George Earnshaw, Seaham Harbour.
 107.—W. Lisle Newstead, Newcastle.
 108.—G. W. Nugent Hopper (Gronny), Fence Houses.
 109.—F. B. Johnson, Penarth.
 110.—Wm. Moor (Lyone), Fence Houses.
 111.—James Bird (Minor Poet), St. Helen's.
 112.—H. O. Race, Newcastle.
 113.—George Dodds, Newcastle.
 114.—George Rule, Newcastle.
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 116.—Mrs. Yates (Atta Bab), Southwick.
 117.—George Julian Harney, Richmond-on-Thames.
 118.—George Jacob Holyoake, Brighton.
 119.—Miss Beatrice Hannay (Per Ardua), Westoe.
 120.—James Devlin, Carlisle.
 121.—John Stokoe, South Shields.
 122.—Rev. Dacre Mallinder (Presbyter Anglicanus), Scorton, Darlington.
 123.—N. E. Robson (N.E.R.), Sunderland.
 124.—Bernard Batigan, Hull.
 125.—Thomas Marshall (Puritan), Sunderland.
 126.—John Oxberry, Jun., Gateshead.
 127.—Ernest W. Smith, B.A., Cambridge.
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 129.—F. Lange, Gateshead.
 130.—Oliver Young, Newcastle.
 131.—Thomas Gascoigne, Wallsend.
 132.—William Yellowly, South Shields.
 133.—John Rowell, Twizell, Durham.
 134.—Mrs. George Corbett, London.
 135.—Richard Welford, Gosforth, Newcastle.
 136.—W. E. Adams, Editor, Newcastle.
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 139.—Captain W. Lee Fleetwood, M.A., London.
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 141.—James Charlton, Chicago, U.S.
 142.—George Hall, Artist, Gateshead.
 143.—Edward Pocknell, London.
 144.—F. W. Forbes, Newcastle.
 145.—T. Elwen (Poacher of the Eden), Carlisle.
 146.—E. J. Telford (Hashaway), Wylam-on-Tyne.
 147.—J. A. Haswell, Low Fell, Gateshead.
 148.—Henry Jackson, Byker, Newcastle.
 149.—J. L. Garvin, Newcastle.
 150.—Fred Clow, Langwathby.
 151.—William Campbell Dryden, Leith.
 152.—John Dorrion (the late).
 153.—Miss Anna Davidson (Experience), Gateshead.
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 155.—Geraldine.
 156.—Katie.
 157.—Miss L. Davidson (D.), Felton, Northumberland.
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 159.—Alexander Logie, Aberdeen.
 160.—John Teasdale (Briton), Newcastle.
 161.—Fisher Shaw, Newcastle.
 162.—Thomas C. H. Dumville (Junius), West Hartlepool.
 163.—Jos. Collinson (Rudolf Charles), Wolsingham.
 164.—Alfred S. Fox (A. S. F.), Sunderland.
 165.—Elijah Copland, Newcastle.
 166.—John C. Bell (Wilhelm Meister), Gateshead.
 167.—H. F. Morland Simpson, Edinburgh.
 168.—Thomas Dunlop, Ryhope.
 169.—J. H. Grubb (J. H. G.), South Shields.
 170.—G. C. Griffith (Ichthyian), London.
 171.—H. W. G. Halbaum (Hewer), Newcastle.
 172.—W. M. Tillett, Dorchester.
 173.—Miss Evangeline Gascoigne, Wallsend.
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 175.—Miss J. M. Laing, Aberdeen.
 176.—Miss Kate Andrews (Ripley, Gravesend), Gravesend.
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 181.—J. E. R. Hurworth (Jean Savaleur), West Hartlepool.
 182.—J. V. Wedderburn, Newcastle.
 183.—Captain A. Romler (Nemo), Gosforth, Newcastle.
 184.—Morton Weatherly, Pelton Fell, Chester-le-Street.
 185.—Sylvester Macnamara (Dalcassian), Lanark.

- 186.—John Bedford Leno, London.
 187.—W. P. M. Allison, South Shields.
 188.—Wm. Bourn, Whickham.
 189.—John Fenny (Yennef), Pelton Village.
 190.—W. C. B. Cowen (Vagabond), Newcastle.
 191.—J. C. Hodgson, Scarborough.
 192.—W. Morley Egglestone, Stanhope-in-Weardale.
 193.—Mrs. Mary White, Newcastle.
 194.—Geo. Halliwell, Seaham Harbour.
 195.—Thos. Taylor (Village Blacksmith), Dunston.
 196.—J. P. Souter (Caledonia), Bishop Auckland.
 197.—J. B. Taylor (Pitt), Pittington, Durham.
 198.—Walter Kerr (Zodiac), Newcastle.
 199.—Edward Moore (Borderer), Newcastle.
 200.—Hugh R. Roddam, North Shields.
 201.—John Kirton, Newcastle.
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 209.—T. Winter, Sunderland.
 210.—Henry Calasca, Newcastle.
 211.—Ralph Hedley, Artist, Newcastle.
 212.—T. R. Morrow, Watford, Herts.
 213.—John Miller, Oakenshaw Colliery, Yorkshire.
 214.—John Bailey (Marco), Sunderland.
 215.—G. C. Heywood (Chess Editor), Newcastle.
 216.—Wm. Allison, Newcastle.
 217.—William Burd, Easterfield, Turriff, N.B.
 218.—O. S. Scott (Eugene L'Ecossais), Barnard Castle.
 219.—T. Lidgerton, Sunderland.
 220.—T. W. Little, Mickley.
 221.—Alderman John Lucas, Gateshead.
 222.—Robert Gibbs, F.S.A., Aylesbury.
 223.—Albert Harrison, York.
 224.—C. A. Stephenson, Southport.
 225.—J. W. Kirby (Nicholas Nickleby), Bp. Auckland.
 226.—Geo. Thompson, Sunderland.
 227.—Rev. W. A. McGonigle, B.D., Monkwearmouth.
 228.—John W. Bewick, Barnard Castle.
 229.—G. E. O'Dell, London.
 230.—John James Peacock, Low Fell, Gateshead.
 231.—Francis Aitken, London.
 232.—Mrs. Agnes E. Bulkeley, Stockport, Cheshire.
 233.—James Anderson (Pay Friday), Newcastle.
 234.—John L. Currie, Blackburn.
 235.—L. F. Nock (Elfin), Birmingham.

The Contributors' Gathering.

BY ONE OF THEM.

There was something of a lucky-bag spirit about the anticipation of it. A remarkably fine lucky-bag, certainly, and one from which you were sure to get something good, but, then, what would that thing be? No one ever heard of such a meeting before, so there was no precedent on which to build up or mould ideas on the subject—what would it be like? All sorts and conditions of men were coming from all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales to it—how would so many literary people look together? And, to deepen the mystery, would these people individually be like what we expected to find them? Would their manner really correspond with the covering wherewith our fancy had covered the mind we knew?

All these, and many more such wonderments, gave a piquancy to our somewhat vague anticipations, and I think I can answer for it that many others besides myself looked forward to Whit-Monday with a good deal of pleasurable curiosity.

The contributors from a distance were, at all events, sure of one thing, whatever might or might not be their

portion in the way of adventures, they would at least see Newcastle, the birthplace of their paper—they would be able to do the town. And they did. Early in the day twos and threes dropped into the Art Gallery, where there began an introducing and hand-shaking that went on day and night, though, owing to the business of sightseeing, it did not reach its hottest point till evening. Visits to the Cathedral and Old Castle, of which the historical associations were delightfully explained by Mr. Boyle, occupied the greater part of the attention of the visitors till 3 o'clock, and it was not till a very large number of us were standing in the *Chronicle* Office waiting to be shown the building and printing processes that we had any time to view each other closely.

But even then there wasn't much time for personal inspection; we had hardly stood there two minutes, pretending we weren't eyeing each other furtively, wondering who that was, and whether this was so-and-so—he or she must be exactly like that—before we followed our leader into the innermost recesses of the great building that is the home of our far-travelling paper. And I don't think anybody thought much about anybody else till we emerged, wiser men and women, into the open again.

What a monster building it is! and how fearful and wonderful are the workings of a newspaper!

A full account of the marvellous process really ought to be given, and I should very much like to give it, and would do so, were it not that—well, perhaps I had better be truthful, and, instead of saying there isn't space for the account here, say I don't give it because I can't. And though this is a distinct confession of weak incapability, I am sure many of those who were there will sympathize with instead of blaming me. What with the clanking of the machinery, the crowds of people, and the varied and confusing sensations, despite the Messrs. Reeds' lucid and witty explanations, it was quite impossible for a mind unaccustomed to them to retain the technical terms and expressions.

Perhaps it was the force of contrast that gave an Olympus-like touch to the gathering later on in the Assembly Rooms. Jesmond Dene (it was a lovely day) and the Natural History Museum had been visited and duly admired; a *recherché* cold collation had been partaken of; and by 7:30 the large room at Barras Bridge was quite full of the most contented-looking mortals I have seen for some time. Of course there were a few speeches to begin with, explaining the object and aim of the gathering, how it originated, and so on, the age and experiences of the *Chronicle*, &c.; and, needless to say, a great deal of what was said was of a flattering description. It would be a case of "me saying it as shouldn't" if I asked, as I am tempted to, "how could it be otherwise?" So I suppress all remark, but stick to my own opinions nevertheless. There is one thing, however, that I may say, and that is that everyone must agree with what was said about Mr. Cowen, and also that the lusty response to the three cheers Judge Seymour led for our genial Editor and Uncle Toby would have been as heartily given by the public generally as they were by the contributors to the paper on Whit-Monday evening. All this I do say.

Of the music, which included a pretty march written expressly for the occasion by Miss Hildegard Werner, the photographic group, the curiosities exhibited in different rooms, the autograph-book, refreshments, &c., I will say no more than that they were all very good, and made a very agreeable accompaniment to what was to me the great feature of the evening—the Contributors themselves. And of the Contributors themselves what shall I say?

To begin with, so far as appearances went, they looked remarkably like people who aren't contributors. I haven't the faintest idea why it should be otherwise; only some people never seem able to get rid of an idea that authors and writers are a queer-looking set of beings, with warts on their noses, or humps on their backs, or a wild sort of aspect, or other similar distinctive charms. And it's for the benefit of such mistaken folk that I go on to say that the manners, dress, and mode of speech of the gathered

ones were precisely the same as those of everyone else; they talked of the weather, the town, and the holidays with just as much or little eloquence as ordinary mortals do, and perhaps only a phrenologist or physiognomist would have discovered, had he not been told beforehand, from appearances, that there was a sort of intellectual brotherhood in the place. Yes, there's no doubt of it, a physiognomist would have had a good time on Monday night; and if any or many such were there, I call upon him or them to corroborate my statement that most of the faces had "mind" writ, in different sizes of course, on them. It may have been in the shape or size of the nasal organ, a look deep down in the eyes, the mark of thought-wrinkles, erased for the time being, on the forehead, the stooping shoulders, the intelligent and all-alive gaze—it may have been in any or all of these, but the mark was there, and told its own tale to the practised eye.

There was, however, one very marked characteristic that must have been evident to every eye. And that was the heartiness of the greetings. Polished bows gave way to warm hand-shakes, and there was a fervour in the "So glad to meet you" that the ordinary member of society rarely hears. People really were glad to see each other, and they showed it. And great was the astonishment you felt sometimes, and the merriment, too, when you found so-and-so exactly the reverse of what you had thought him or her. You had always pictured — a dashing young man with a touch of the gay Lothario about him, and, behold! he is introduced to you as a white-haired man with the mildest, kindest face you can imagine. Or you were certain — was an old and venerable dame, and, lo! she stands before you a young and charming damsel, or a sweet-faced woman of middle age and fascinating manners.

In short, the whole affair was a sort of mental kaleidoscope. You never knew what would happen next, and, when it did happen, it was generally quite different to what you had expected. And there was only one fault you could possibly find with it all. It was too short. The evening flew on the wings of lightning, and long before you had seen half you wanted to see, or met half the people you wanted to meet, it was time to go home, and the Gathering was over. Such, at all events, was the experience of the "chief" who was "takin' notes," and she feels sure everyone who was there will agree with her.

MARGERY LEE.

Jobson and the Gathering.

(From the "Gossip's Bowl.")

Jobson was not at the Gathering after all. The Editor thought he was, Mr. Welford thought he was, and everybody else thought he was. Mr. Pescod, of Low Fell, was wandering about the premises all the evening in search of him—in the great assembly room, in the refreshment room, in the reception room, in the smoking room, in the cloak rooms. Others were employed in the same vain quest—Mr. Hudson, of North Shields ; Mr. Yellowlow, of South Shields ; Mr. Wm. Allan, of Sunderland ; and Mr. A. B. Wakefield, of Hipperholme. As for Mr. C. H. Stephenson, who was more than once mistaken for the old man himself, he commenced his search for the Plumber at the Art Gallery early in the day, continued it at the Castle, the Black Gate, the other places visited, and only gave up the hunt when he heard the company singing "Auld Lang Syne." But it was no wonder that the efforts of these explorers were fruitless. Had they spent as much time in searching for Jobson as Stanley spent in searching for Emin Pasha, they would have come back unsuccessful. The fact was, the Grand Old Plumber had got into the wrong shop altogether.

Persons acquainted with the New Assembly Rooms at the Barras Bridge will be aware that there are really two places of public entertainment under the same roof,

that the entrance to these places is by separate doors, and that the two doors are as like each other as two peas. Given a right way and a wrong way, a right door and a wrong door, it is ten to nothing that Jobson, if left to himself with free choice in the matter, will choose the wrong one. And this is just what he actually did on Monday. It happened that there was that evening, as the newspapers of the next day informed the public, two important functions taking place in the same building. One of them, as we know, was the great Gathering of Contributors in the large and handsome room upstairs; the other was an Irish banquet in the smaller room below. The reader will have already surmised that it was into this smaller room among the Irishmen, and not into the larger room among the Contributors, that our "blundering friend," as Mr. Welford called him, managed to get through the wrong door. But how was it possible that the old Plumber could pass the doorkeepers? History is not quite clear on the subject. It is supposed, however, that the Irish janitors saw something green about the old gentleman. Moreover, when he was challenged at the entrance, he assured the officers on guard that it was all right, that he had got an invitation, and that everybody knew he was coming. As a matter of fact, I understand, the janitors were so impressed with the Grand Old Plumber's assurance and assertiveness that they concluded he was a Grand Old Member of Parliament for a Grand Old Irish County. Jobson was received with much distinction when he entered the banqueting hall. Everybody was pleased to see so eminent a personage among the company. Mr. Alderman McDermott, who was personally acquainted with the venerable patriot, introduced him to various groups of friends of the cause, and ultimately procured him a seat at the same table as himself. "Well, Mr. Alderman," said Jobson, when the soup was being handed round, "this is not quite what I expected. I thought we were to have a sort of high tea, with cold chicken and ham, pressed beef and veal pies, jellies and ices and sponge cakes, and such like, instead of which it looks as if we were going to have a regular square meal." "Oh, yes!" said the Alderman, "we do the thing proper when we're about it." Nothing occurred during the repast to lead Jobson to suppose that he had got into the wrong place or was mixed up with the wrong company, for Irishmen and Contributors behave pretty much alike when they are hungry or thirsty. Once or twice, however, it did occur to him that the Hibernian element predominated, judging from the frequent use of "begorra" and "bejabbers" which he heard around him. But, then, he knew, also, that the Contributors were coming from all parts of the kingdom, Ireland of course included. When, however, the speech-making began, he thought it somewhat strange that so little should be said about the *Weekly Chronicle*, and so much about Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Parnell. The old Plumber even asked Alderman McDermott, who sat next to him, whether he didn't think it was about time they got to the great subject of the meeting. "Oh, it's all right," was the reply, "they'll be coming to it directly." But soon afterwards somebody began to talk about the *Chronicle*. "Now, we're coming to it," thought Jobson. But the speaker, instead of praising the paper, was heard to be complaining about it. "What's all this mean?" Jobson whispered to his neighbour; "queer Contributors' Gathering, isn't it? Weren't we invited to do honour and homage to Robin Goodfellow, Uncle Toby, and all the rest of them? And here's this man taking advantage of the Editor's hospitality to have a fling at the whole concern. Never heard of such ingratitude. Tell you what it is, Mr. Alderman, I shall have to get up and contradict all that he's saying." The old gentleman got so excited as the speaker proceeded that there were loud cries of "Order, order," from all parts of the room. These cries, however, had but a temporary effect. Even the Alderman's influence, in course of time, became incapable of restraining his friend's indignation. "Can't stand it any longer," cried the Plumber, as he

May 18, 1891.

rose to his feet and demanded to be heard. The hubbub that then ensued was indescribable. It reminded the Irish members who were present of some of the scenes at the Kilkenny election. Every guest in the room was on his feet, while some were on the tables. There was not a man present who hadn't something to contribute to the discussion. But the general opinion seemed to be that the Plumber was a Parnellite and a traitor, that he had got into the meeting under false pretences, and that the only just and proper course was to turn him out neck and crop. Jobson's voice was heard above the clamour, declaring that he had come there to enjoy himself, that he had been invited to come there, that he was as much a Contributor as the best of them, and that— But before he could say anything more he found himself hustled out into the corridor, with his collar hanging by a single button, his coat in tatters, and his scanty locks all turned and twisted in different directions. Even in the corridor he failed to find peace: for he was hustled thence down the steps into the street below. It was in this dishevelled and dilapidated condition that poor Jobson had the door slammed in his face. A few minutes afterwards, however, the door was opened again, when his hat, his umbrella, and his overcoat were pitched out to him.

"Well," said the ejected Plumber to himself, as he gathered up his scattered thoughts and garments, "if this is the way the Contributors treat each other, I've done with them. Lucky they didn't strangle me outright. Contributors, indeed! They're no better than a lot of lunatics. Goodness knows what would have happened if Sarah Josephine had been among them. Ought to be thankful, though, that I got out alive." Dazed by the scuffle he had encountered, our unfortunate friend wandered towards the College, instead of towards St. Thomas's Church. Here in the silence and gloom of the evening he so completely lost his way that it was close upon midnight before he knew exactly where he was. It was the new electric light at the corner of Sandyford Lane that saved him. Once within view of the rays of that powerful lamp, he discovered his whereabouts. Though he was a long distance from The Bower, he knew his road home. How he got there he really doesn't remember; but as he crept silently into bed, he was heard muttering to himself, "Sorry now I allowed my portrait to appear in the photographic group among such a lot of ruffians as these Contributors, who don't know a respectable plumber when they see him, and treat one of themselves as if he was used to be cuffed and chucked out."

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

* * * *

The Grand Old Plumber is more of a mystery than ever—more of a mystery than even the Editor thought he was. An authentic account of his adventures on Monday evening is recorded above. And yet here is Minnie Meagles writing to say that she found him trying to pass himself off as Mr. Teasdale. Well, Minnie must relate the story herself:—

West Hartlepool, May 19, 1891.

Dear Robin.—You, who are so intimately acquainted with our genial Editor, will perhaps be good enough to give him my heartiest greetings and earnest thanks for the delightful evening I spent yesterday at the Assembly Rooms, Barra Bridge. Will you, too, let me, through you, thank all those merry and loveable people I met there, who were so nice to me, and made that evening the happiest one I have spent in my life? And now, dear Robin, I must tell you about Mr. Jobson. I had surely thought that by this time he would have got over his tantrum about Sarah Josephine. But no, indeed. I was the first person he tried to deceive. (You see, he kept the threat he made to the doctor about palming himself off as someone else.) At the Natural History Museum he prevailed upon a friend—Mr. Wakefield, by name—to pass him off as Mr. Teasdale, of Normanton Terrace, who writes under the nom-de-plume "Briton." But I was too cute. I noticed a sly twinkle in his eye,

which said, as plainly as words, "I'll do 'em brown—whole lot of 'em. Watch me practise on this green young person." Green, indeed? Not I, Mr. Jobson. Not only not green, but so dead against deception of any kind that I did my best to put right all those whom Mr. Jobson endeavoured to deceive. Oh! how wild he was. It did make him so wild. But oh! Robin, I never could have believed the G.O.P. capable of such arts. He actually signed his name in the autograph book as John Teasdale, and acted so boldly (I had almost said "so well," but that is against my principle to give praise to deception) that poor Mrs. Jobson got quite confused, and I caught her several times speaking of the G.O.P. as Mr. Teasdale. Or was she put up to it? I won't believe it. I did like her so much. I was so vexed with Mr. Jobson for being so stubborn that I was real sorry she was not Mrs. Teasdale instead of Mrs. Jobson—a genial, good-hearted, nice lady a Briton might be proud of. Well, dear Robin, of course, Mr. Jobson and I got on very well after the final flare-up, and I looked after him at the refreshment table. We had quite a little flirtation behind Mrs. Jobson's back. Mrs. Jobson saw us once or twice. But she didn't mind. It's my opinion she knew Briton better than any of us and was rather fond of him. Don't wonder a bit. Mr. Jobson glares at a person so when he's wild. And fancy! Mr. Wakefield deserted him and actually admitted he was the G.O.P. and not Briton at all. Pretty sort of a friend, anyhow, though, mind you, I liked him. Mr. Jobson wanted to palm me off as Sarah Josephine. (To pretend he had been one too many for the Editor, you know.) But bless you, how absurd! Anyone could see I couldn't tackle a burglar. I had only need to draw their attention to that fact to put matters right. Poor Mr. Jobson! to get the idea into his head that I was green. I think I see myself letting anyone hoodwink me! But, if you see him and dear Mrs. Jobson, please give them my kindest regards. For her sake, I'll like him, though he did try to palm himself off as Briton. And please tell Flo, who publicly hugged me, I'll soon write to her as I promised and hope we shall become great friends. And my kindest regards to Miss Werner. Her "Festive March" was beautiful. To you, dear Robin, what shall I say? Nothing. For I can't express half what I feel.—Yours,

MINNIE MEAGLES.

* * * *

But there seems to be other mysteries besides Jobson. Robin Goodfellow is one himself, it appears. At any rate Speranza implies as much in the following letter:—

Gateshead, May 19, 1891.

Dear Robin Goodfellow,—I was at the Contributors' Gathering yesterday, and it was altogether a splendid affair! The faces and weather were equally bright; the songs, music and curios were equally delightful; the Editor and his assistants were perfect examples of courtesy and kindness; and the only cloud about the affair pertained to the social atmosphere of four very great personages connected with the *Weekly Chronicle*, Father Chirpie, Uncle Toby, Jobson, and yourself.

Where were you, Robin? Hiding in your own Gossip's Bowl amidst your "quips and cranks and merry wiles," your honey-coated reproofs and wit-gilded rebukes, I suppose. You were the occasion of many querries, searchings, and doublings amongst the Contributors, not only through your own non-appearance, but because of your complicity in Jobson's plan for mystifying us. No sooner did Mr. Halliwell mount the platform than we all saw he did not look the part; nor, indeed, was there any there who did! Yet there were not wanting misguided men who averred your entities were merged in that of the Editor, and not only yours, but those of the two chief officers of the Dicky Bird Society; and one of the declarators was a judge "used to summing up," and he ought to know. But then the Editor came forward and said you were all myths and mysteries! You're not a myth, dear Robin, or I should not be able to write you a letter; but, then, are you that dread personage, the Editor? Pshaw! of course not, or I would not dare to write to you in this free and easy style. Keep your graceful mask, you loveable, tricksy spirit, and con-

tinue to delight us with the charming ingredients of your well-mixed Bowl.

And now to my main reason for writing to you. There was one bit of *missed-ness* about the Gathering, and that is, the grateful thanks of the ladies were not tendered, as they should have been, by Geraldine, or her friend Katie, or Margery Lee. Of course I know that the gentlemen have a righteous monopoly of the art of public speaking; more particularly when it is of the post-prandial or festive order, and long may they enjoy it, notwithstanding the "Divide"—ahem!—poetic appeal quoted by Geraldine last week. And equally, of course, our sex *nearly* monopolizes that of giving a home-lecture, which, like the water that enters our houses, is always copious, flowing, and on tap: but, then, we sometimes *do* go to the political wickets, and though we make very poor batters and fielders, we are fair bowlers, and I think one of the ladies I have named could have bowled our gratitude straight at the hearts of the Editor and his staff.

There, I've written you a letter without a postscript.

SPERANZA.

P.S.—But I forgot to say the rooms were a vision of delight; and I was told during the evening (not by *you*, Robin, gossip though you be) that Mr. Cowen inspected the arrangements himself to make sure that ample provision was made for our comfort and gratification. Please put a bit of rue and a few pansies with Ophelia's signification thereto into your very next Gossip's Bowl as a symbol of the thanks of the lady contributors.

S.

A Hull Contributor's Account.

(From the *Hull Critic*.)

An emphatically enjoyable and successful literary gathering took place on Whit-Monday, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where the contributors to the *Weekly Chronicle* (who number their several hundreds) met for a day of friendly intercourse and festivity. The entire programme was marked by the eminently liberal spirit which ever characterises our northern contemporary's doings, and for twelve hours the visitors, who came from all parts of Great Britain, had entertainment provided for them, and opportunities given them to personally cement long-standing literary acquaintanceships. The Rev. J. R. Boyle, F.S.A., conducted a large party over the Old Castle, the Black Gate Museum, and Saint Nicholas' Cathedral. The handsome offices of the *Chronicle* were inspected, and the elaborate process of production in connection with a large journal was practically shown. After the Natural History Museum and Jesmond Dene had been visited, everybody met at the Assembly Rooms, where provision for the inner man was well looked after, and the remainder of the evening was occupied by a delightfully informal conversazione, wherein just sufficient music, recitation, and speech-making formed items to enhance everyone's enjoyment, without defeating the original social idea of the gathering. Many regrets were expressed at Mr. Bernard Batigan's absence, and friendly messages sent to him. The veteran comedian, Mr. C. H. Stephenson, was in excellent form, and referred to his past associations with Hull. The group of two hundred and thirty-five contributors' portraits (including "John Strange Winter" and Mr. W. Clark Russell) was exhibited, and pronounced by all as a triumph of photographic grouping for the photographers, Messrs. A. and G. Taylor, of Newcastle and elsewhere. No small credit is due to Mr. G. G. Elliott, of Newcastle, with respect to organising and carrying out of such a large undertaking as this gathering proved to be, although the co-operation of Mr. W. E. Adams, the genial editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, no doubt practically insured the success which resulted.

THEO. ARTHUR.

Sergeant C. Hall at the Gathering.

(From the *Workington Star*.)

I felt really sorry for Mr. "Tatler" on Monday, sorry you know that he was not at the great gathering of Contributors of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, which met in

Newcastle on that day. There was everything that is dear to the heart of "Tatler" provided—antiquarian relics, literary curiosities, good fellowship, and, above all, a good feed. I need not tell you in detail how we "sloshed" around the town seeing the sights, because natural history museums are all alike. . . . We were shown the vast establishment of the *Chronicle* by a gentleman with the kindest and most genial face I ever saw. This good gentleman stuck up a clock in a prominent position, and exactly at 3:15 somebody tapped an iron frame, there was a fizz of steam, clap, slash, bang! "Look up there!" Scaldings! boiling lead flip, flop, and double somersault of machinery; rush down stairs, "Are you ready? Let go!" Clipp, alish, burr,—and "Here you are, sir, copy of *Evening Chronicle* only ha'penny!" Time, two winks and a gasp! The machine had eight miles of paper to work on, and was swallowing it with the speed of an express train and spitting out *Evening Chronicles* at the rate of 700 per minute! But, oh, the gathering in the evening, shall I ever forget it? A gentleman in a "biled" shirt and with his hair parted in three places waited upon me, and called me "Yesar," and "Nossr," and fed me with pigeon pie and red jelly, and gave me pints of claret, and charged me nothing for it, and I ate fruit and thick cream till I couldn't gurgle; and I was introduced to the most beautiful woman in England, and just as a mutual friend had effected the introduction, which I had been waiting for all day, a human fiend came and grabbed me by the arm, slewed me round, and introduced himself, and I—well, I just felt in my hip pocket, but there was no revolver there, and my Jack-knife was lost, or there'd have been a "Crown'r's quest" next day. I never got another chance of an introduction, and I was so mad I went and scooped up two or three pounds of different coloured jellies, and when afterwards I was called upon to recite the "Yarn of the Nancy Bell," the jellies were quivering so I couldn't speak straight! Well, I never saw anything that could come up to it. Such ladies! Such jellies! Such gentlemen! Such pigeon pies! I'm not hungry yet. I'd sooner go to a meeting like that than to a circus. And the gathering was useful to me besides, for I got to know men that look likely for being "licked" in a controversy, and now I'm just waiting for them to speak, so that I can shiver them to flinders!

SERGEANT C. HALL.

Letters from Contributors.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

DEAR SIR.—Yesterday, I received a delightfully illustrative missive, in which the Editor of the *Weekly Chronicle* requests my presence on May 18, 1891. I have just advised the honorary secretary that I was not able to reply as requested by May 11, as the invitation did not reach me until one day after that. You may depend upon it that I would have been glad of the chance to look into St. Nicholas' Cathedral, the Old Castle, and other places, some of which are new to me, and some of which, especially Jesmond Dene, are fadeless in my memory. Refreshments from 6:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. is rather appalling to a man of my plain and moderate tastes in refreshments. But if time and tide had favoured, I would have dared even these. It was a kindly thought to remember so far away, unimportant, erratic, and irregular a contributor. I am flourishing that beautiful invitation before the eyes of all the house of Charlton, and shall insist upon some additional respect from that Republican crowd, on account of my connection with the press.—I am, &c.,

J. CHARLTON.

Chicago and Alton Railroad, Chicago, U.S.
May 13, 1891.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR.—The unique proceedings which you so kindly arranged for your friends the contributors on Whit-Monday were in every respect most successful and enjoyable. You and those associated with you in the arrangements must have been put to immense trouble, and the

thanks of your guests were certainly not tendered without ample reason. The evening meeting was one of the most interesting assemblies that it was ever the lot of thoughtful beings to attend. The pleasure of grasping the hand and looking into the face for the first time of so many of your contributors whose productions have been for years read with interest and profit is an event which will never be erased from the memory, and which will assuredly give their future contributions an additional charm.

Notwithstanding the most agreeable proceedings, there was unquestionably a felt want during the evening, and that was the genial face and eloquent voice of Mr. Joseph Cowen. The hope was expressed on all sides that Mr. Cowen would arrive before the assembly dispersed. He, however, did not arrive, and every soul was disappointed. The photographic group, which will no doubt soon be in the homes of all who were present, is a splendid permanent memento of the day's enjoyment. It would, however, have been of much greater value and much more highly prized if Mr. Cowen's portrait had appeared with those of his friends. Every person represented in the group must feel sorry that Mr. Cowen's face is not there.

From personal experience I can fully bear out the remarks of Mr. W. E. Adams, Ald. Lucas, and others, as to the popularity of the *Weekly Chronicle* in distant lands. When travelling in New Zealand and Australia, I was delighted to find my old friend in all the large cities and towns, and in many very out-of-the-way places also. Not long ago I had a letter from Mr. W. T. Bond, J.P., one of the proprietors of the *Colonist* (a recent copy of which I enclose), published at Nelson, New Zealand, in which he says:—"Very many thanks for the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*; it is the most interesting, and the best newspaper I have seen."

With best wishes for the increasing success and prosperity of the highly prized *Weekly Chronicle*.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM JOHN FRATER.

The Grove, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne,

May 19th, 1891.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I have just returned from the North, and feel that my first pleasant duty is to ask you to accept my best thanks for your kind and undeserved hospitality, and to let you know how very much I enjoyed my trip to Newcastle last Monday. Your programme was varied and excellent throughout, and showed what thought and great care had been exercised to make your guests appreciate the outing. I sincerely hope your contributors will have the pleasure of meeting again in a similar manner; if not annually, I trust triennially.—I am, &c.,

JOHN A. METCALFE.

Guisborough, May 21, 1891.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Whit-Monday of 1891 has come and gone, and I, for one, will ever regard it as a "red-letter day" in my life. The conception of the Gathering was a happy inspiration, and the liberality with which the idea was carried out reflected the highest credit on the proprietor and editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*.

As one of the oldest contributors to the *Weekly Chronicle*, permit me to give expression to the pleasure I experienced at the Gathering. As I have been rather accustomed to "brush the hair the wrong way," I was somewhat surprised at the warmth of the greeting I met with whenever I was introduced; and as I am neither a blacksmith nor a coal-hewer, I began to be rather alarmed about the muscles of my right arm after the hand-shaking I went through. When the idea of the Gathering was first suggested, I supported it, but deprecated any introduction of party politics; and I am happy to say the harmony was never disturbed by a single jarring note. Men with whom I have fought in "the deadly breach" of

political warfare shook me warmly by the hand, and we exchanged pleasant greetings.

And now, sir, I tender my thanks to the proprietor and editor of the *Weekly Chronicle* for the pleasures I enjoyed on Whit-Monday. For many weeks I had been enjoying the pleasures of *anticipation*; on Whit-Monday I enjoyed the pleasures of *fruition*, and the latter exceeded the former. At the same time I must not forget to thank Mr. Elliott for the voluntary labours he performed in contributing to the success of the Gathering.—I am, &c.,

G. HALLIWELL.

Seaham Harbour, May 21st, 1891.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—We were very, very much pleased with the Contributors' Gathering. We had tired ourselves during the day, visiting the Art Gallery, the Old Castle, the Black Gate Museum, the Cathedral, and the Natural History Museum, in which places we could have desired to spend a week or a month. We endorse the thanks to our guide, Mr. Boyle. Our visit to the *Chronicle* offices was a grand treat. It was a magnificent sight. In the twinkling of an eye, a paper is printed and folded, ready for a customer. If the old Chinese, the block printing celebrities, or Gutenberg, Faust, Schöffer, Caxton, Wynkyn, Nicholson, or even König could see the wonders of printing, how would they be astonished! And the old monks would surely, as they did in the times of Dr. Faustus, ascribe the whole transaction to the agency of the Evil One. Truly, the pen and printing-press are mightier than the sword. Though we were tired, we were quickly re-invigorated when we entered the Grand Assembly Rooms. There was a grand treat, and a rest for the weary. To paraphrase the lines of Burns:—

When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely will come,
In heaven itself I ask no more
Than such a kindly welcome.

I thank you for the treat, and desire through you to thank every one who had anything to do with getting up the entertainment. It is not often such a happy select group meet, and the only drawback was, the time was too short to make the personal acquaintance of all. I am very sorry Mr. Jobson made a mistake. Perhaps, if Sarah Josephine had been allowed to accompany him, all this trouble might have been avoided. If ever we have another gathering, and I hope we will, I trust other arrangements will be made; for everyone must regret the absence of such an old and congenial friend as Mr. Jobson.—I am, &c.,

JOHN MILLER.

Oakenshaw, Durham, May 25, 1891.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Just a line to say how gratified my wife and I were by our trip to the gathering on Whit-Monday. It was a most enjoyable day—a red-letter day, in fact—in our lives; and, I am sure, though we were pretty well worn out when we reached home, that we should have very much regretted had we failed to avail ourselves of such an unique day's enjoyment. Joy, in every sense of his name, was propitious, and the day all too swiftly glided on sunnily like an enchanting dream! Newcastle is a city which every North-Countryman may be well proud of; but how seldom have we the rare privilege (we lovers of the past) of having such a guide, philosopher, and friend as Mr. Boyle proved to be, with the pleasing manner in which he imparted to the many uninitiated the curious history of some of Newcastle's rarest antiquities. But all, not forgetting our philanthropic editor, who felt themselves responsible for the success of the gathering and the enjoyment of the contributors and their friends, are eminently deserving of thanks and praise. Such rational enjoyment falls far too seldom to the lot of the intellectually-minded and the toiling writer.

Mix with your grave designs a little pleasure;
Each day of business has its hour of leisure.

West Herrington, May 25, 1891. N. E. ROBSON.

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Page 369, col. 2, line 22—for page 308 read page 368.

Page 392, col. 1, line 31—"Then to consult Gross" should read,
 "Mem: to consult Gross."

